

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Thank heaven! we are to have no mayoralty contest this year. This burst of thankfulness is double-barrelled inasmuch as we have a good mayor, and that we won't have to fight to get one. The party of well-meaning people whose power waxed and waned during the last three contests had begun to imagine that all public business opened with prayer would be all right, even if business methods were neglected and ordinary foresight abandoned. The awful muddle in which the city's business became involved during the revivalist regime has been a lesson to those whose fervor carried them too far. A time of usefulness may come to them again—they accomplished one good thing in showing that a public man may be religious and still be popular, and later on that religious zeal alone is insufficient to the equipment for an office of trust. Just now, however, the only means we have of knowing that the religio-temperance-municipal-boss party is not dead is an occasional snore heard from the back benches. Ald. Hallam's bold imitation of William the Liquidator in mingling on his election card Scripture texts and the name of our Saviour together with solicitations to vote for his honest self was a piece of about the most abominable taste the season has produced; but after all it is not much worse than were the methods of the hold-the-fort campaign. However, in John Hallam this was merely a piece of bad taste and worse judgment—we are used to these things in him. As a rule he is a sincere man, but when he gets on the warpath and begins to splutter, the hoofs and the horns have to go with the hide, and everyone who can't swim has to climb a tree.

It is wonderful how great a Yankee interest in Canada has been excited by the late discussion on our affairs in the American papers. Last week's *Judge* had a very pretty picture of Brother Jonathan flirting with a very coquettish maid representing Canada. Inside it had a long and—in the main—a very sensible article on the situation. In the majority of cases the journals of the Republic take a calm and sensible view of the question, though Senator Blair, who is a sort of Republican dodo stuffed with gas, insists on forcible annexation if Canada will not yield without a struggle. The Senator explains that while at present Canada's population is small, the time must surely come when the Dominion will have one hundred millions of people and the United States three hundred millions, which will mean two colossal nations, great in power, great in numbers and resources, living side by side, alien in instincts and impulses, and therefore a bloody war would certainly result. Though we are moderately sanguine in Canada, we appreciate the fact that it will be several years before our five millions are increased twenty-fold. Senator Blair and all his grandchildren will be dead long before this, and he had better leave with his great grandchildren the settlement of a question which, in the meantime, may settle itself, particularly when, if he tries to hurry it, blood will probably be spilt now with good chances of it being spilt all over again when the fourth generation of Blairs are old enough to make as much noise as their great grand-dad is now making. The Senator has even mapped out the campaign. Blue-coated armies are to be poured into Canada, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia, and probably to massacre us with pudding or mayhap talk us to death if they can get near enough. The detachment led by Senator Blair should land at Victoria Park by way of Frenchman's Bay, and his armed minions will have the first chance to seize the distillery. As a friendly caution to this gentleman who intends to readjust the map of North America I would suggest that when he comes he take small drinks and keep his vest on.

By the way, there seems to be quite a revival of Puritanism in the United States. In Connecticut a vigilance committee mutilated a valuable collection of reproductions of some of the most celebrated statues of the world, which was about to be presented by some public-spirited citizen to the local museum. The objection to the works of art arose from the fact that they hadn't winter clothes on, and this couldn't be tolerated in the New England homes where the women are so modest that they won't work in the kitchen unless the limbs of the stove have pantalettes on. An agitation much more sensible but still uncalled for is that of the clergy against the inaugural ball at Washington, when General Harrison climbs up the steps to the presidential chair. As the proposed ball will be paid for by the people who attend it and not by the government it seems a good deal like meddling in other people's business when conferences demand that General Harrison have nothing to do with it. The clerical storm is growing so that the great Republican party begin to fear that it will be an issue in politics, and this, rather than the religious phase of the question, is alarming them considerably. They might compromise the matter by striking the round dances off the programme—have the Circassian circle, the cotillon, the Virginia reel—winding up with the stately old minuet—and to prevent undue friskiness it might be stipulated that every one wear ulsters and gum boots. This sort of thing would be dignified without being dangerous, and the clerical gentlemen would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had spoiled the fun, while the Republicans would be consoled by knowing that they hadn't been bluffed out of their dance.

A bad state of things is disclosed in Mont-

real, where after three years' detention on an unjustifiable and illegal conviction as a vagrant, Adeline Trempe was lately set at liberty. No better example has recently been made of how loosely the law is administered in the sister province. Eugenia Trempe was committed as an unlicensed beggar three years ago, but, after the commitment, the document was changed to fit her sister, Adeline Trempe, and without being questioned at all the girl was imprisoned. When she was produced in court the poor thing was dressed in white calico with an old jacket three times her size and a battered hat to complete her toilet. Her health was shattered by having been kept at washing and ironing and heavy work, and during the imprisonment Adeline's mother had died of a broken heart. The affair was so bad that Sir Antoine Dorion condemned the law permitting it as atrocious and the irregularities connected with the proceedings as disgracing the Recorder's Court.

I am glad to hear that there is a movement

publicly denied his master. Though his eloquence was tearing the plaster off the walls of country school-houses and the cocks crew and crew again, Peter kept on and would not take back a word. Stalwart of frame and elastic of lung Peter knew no equal on the stump, if said stump were sufficiently remote from contradictory figures. When unopposed, save by those who were unaware of the fecundity of his mind and the brilliancy of his imagination, Peter could sway a crowd in a country school-house till the whole building rocked. Laughter and tears were equally at his command, and those who have not seen his face bedewed by the pearly drops of sympathy cannot imagine what a tempest of emotion was on tap in the bosom of the great job-lots auctioneer. At one time it is said he aspired to the leadership of the Catholic wing of the provincial Liberal party and engaged in several combats with Christopher Finlay Fraser, which invariably resulted in his own discomfiture. So it came to pass that the

and one man given the whole office with a salary of \$1,500 or \$2,000, and under such circumstances the market square would not hold the applicants who would be willing to accept the position at that price and be competent to fill it. The only good feature about the division is, that if it will be good for nobody else, it will be good for Peter; and if the trouble they are taking to provide him with a place is any measure of Liberal anxiety to quiet him, they are consumed by no ordinary fire.

Inspector Archibald, our censor of morals, reports that crime is not increasing in Toronto in proportion to the growth of population, and that in regard to the enforcement of the law as to the social evil and the liquor traffic there never was a time in the history of the city when it was better carried out than during the past year. This is comforting, and it would not be less so if this state paper were not an apparent endorsement of Staff Inspector Archibald's administration. However, he is certainly not to blame for speaking in this in-

remarked last week, this seems to be a hard winter for governors and diplomatists.

The young gentleman who has been emperor of China for the last fourteen years is now eighteen years old, and the dowager empress having decided that it is time for him to get married, issues a proclamation in the *Peking Gazette*, which is quite an interesting state paper, setting forth that the emperor having succeeded to maturity it is becoming that he should select a "virtuous consort to assist him in the administration of the palace," and "to encourage the emperor himself in upright conduct." Under these circumstances the empress selects Yeh-ho-na-la "for her dignified and virtuous character to be the emperor's consort." Even in civilized countries it is not unusual for a mother to select her daughter-in-law, though perhaps, in not so direct and mandatory a manner, but when the dowager empress proceeds to select wife number two, a Miss Ta-ta-la, aged fifteen, as the secondary consort of the first rank, and her sister aged thirteen for thirdly and as the opening chapter of the second rank, one begins to feel sorry for the young "Chinazee." Probably by the time he is twenty-one he will have a score of them to look after, and, on the principle that he will have to be alert and judicious to keep his wives out of one another's hair, he will become skilled in ruling a nation. A boy of eighteen who can manage three wives without getting his eyes blackened once a week would certainly make a strong candidate for a ward boss if not for emperor of the Flowery Kingdom.

The Rev. T. W. Campbell's recent sermon on, "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging," was an excellent effort, but would have been a more forcible plea for temperance had he not insisted that to bring about such an end the liquor traffic would have to be abolished. Compulsory abstinence is not temperance. A man cannot be honest if he has no opportunity to steal, nor can he be temperate unless he has an opportunity to be intemperate. His reference to the item in the daily papers concerning the drunkenness on Christmas day was apropos; there was a great deal of drunkenness on that holiday, but much less than in former years. I believe that drunkenness is decreasing in civilized countries year by year. Educated public opinion and wise restrictions—though Mr. Campbell thinks restrictions are merely a tampering with the evil—have made it easier for men to keep sober. There was a time when the pressure of almost every influence was in the direction of forcing men to comply with drinking customs. The New Year's callers of 1889 found no such temptations thrown in their way; the wine did not mock them from dainty glasses held out by fair fingers as it did years ago. The treating customs in saloons even, though still observed are despised and it will not be long before they give way to the intelligence which shows a man that because he drinks once it is no reason he should drink ten times, particularly as eight drinks will be taken after his thirst has been satisfied and his judgment warned that he has had enough. The greatest carnival of drunkenness that Toronto has witnessed for some time was on New Year's 1888—a debauch which was justly ascribed to the reaction after the attempt to enforce blue laws and to create an arbitrary public opinion by the continual preaching of prohibition. I imagine the best way to bring about a temperance reform is now being practiced:—the frowning down of mid-day and midnight and promiscuous drinking, the just contempt which is felt for and evinced towards excessive drinkers and the exclusion from society and places of trust of men who are known as untrustworthy in the presence of temptation.

DON.

Madame Albani.

This week we give the picture of the celebrated Canadian nightingale Madame Albani, who is returning to America after a prolonged tour of all the principal cities of Europe. Madame Albani's real name is Marie Funa Lajeneuse. She is of French Canadian parentage and was born a short distance from Montreal in the year 1851. In 1873 she was married to Mr. Ernest Gye. Wherever she has appeared she has received praise and patronage from kings and populace—peer and peasant alike. The *Liverpool Mercury*, in speaking of Albani who appeared at the Philharmonic concert there, says: "And there was the glorious singing of Albani who, whether in her classic songs or the lengthy recitatives and dramatic concerted scenes, lifted the part of the priestess Diana into a picture which has never had its equal on the concert stage. Truly those who heard the greatest of our sopranos last evening have something to mark with red letters in their diaries. We have heard Patti and Nilsson, but Albani is the queen." A strong effort is being made to get her to visit Toronto.

How to Clear a Church's Debt.

At a meeting of a church committee recently held to consider how the debt of \$10,000 for the repairing of the church could be met, while the committee were discussing the matter, a lump of the ceiling came down and hit an old man on the head. He did not take much notice of the incident, but said: "I give \$500." An old lady who was standing by was heard to say: "Drop another bit on him, Lord, and we'll soon get the debt cleared!"



MADAME ALBANI.

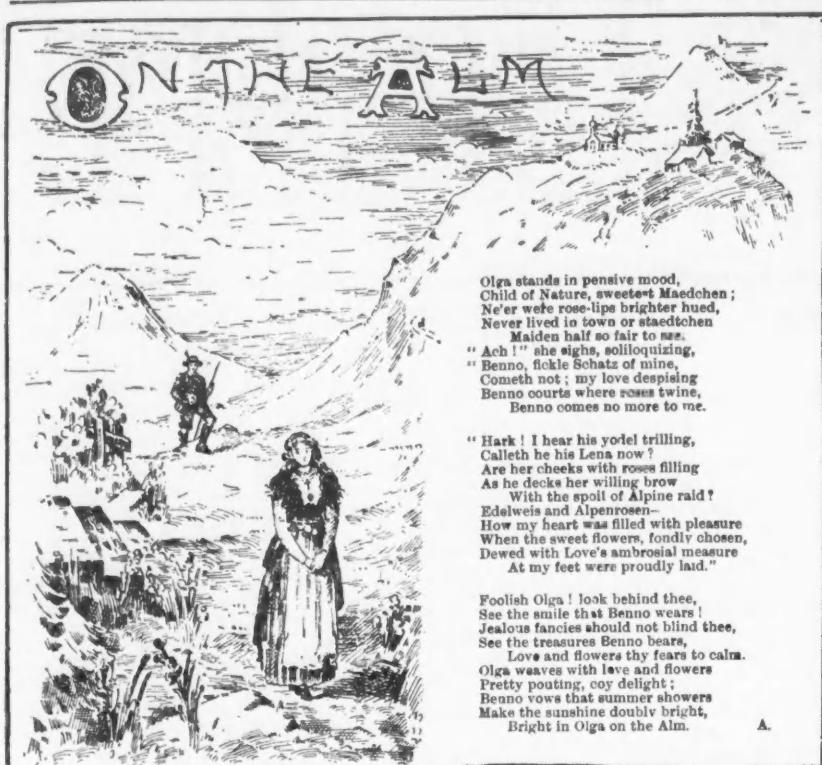
amongst those prosecuting Samo looking towards his release. Some of the lawyers engaged on the case have represented that if his release is not construed as forgiveness of the debt they would advise proceedings to be dropped. I hope the poor beggar will soon be out of jail again, not only for his own sake, but for that of his suffering family and the good name of this province. At the next session of the legislature a measure should be passed making this sort of thing impossible in the future. It is nothing but imprisonment for debt, no matter what it may be called, and that was voted a barbarity years ago. While the Hon. Oliver Mowat is hunting for something to reform, this question deserves his serious consideration. We perhaps cannot expect him to engage in reforms which will make fewer offices, or decrease the emoluments of his camp followers, but he could sustain his reputation as a good and benevolent man (without it costing him or his party anything to be so) by making it impossible to jail a man for debt, or use the *capias* as a means of extorting money.

Talking about reforms, it is pretty well understood that the city is to be divided up into two registry districts and that that stalwart apostle of purity and progress, Peter Ryan, is to be rewarded by entering into one of the folds. Unlike his namesake of old, Peter has never

phantom of ambition receded from him, and having no longer any hopes of becoming the leader of his race and religion in the Legislature, Peter became willing to take something else, and that something else assumes shape as the West Toronto registrarship. It will no doubt be a fat thing, but I would like to know how Mr. Mowat, when defending Registrar Ridout's claim for compensation for the loss of Parkdale fees can consistently take from Registrar Lindsay half of Toronto's fees without compensating him therefor. It is possible that he intends to make him an allowance! Certainly if Mr. Ridout should have fifteen hundred dollars for losing Parkdale, Mr. Lindsay should have fifteen thousand for losing half of Toronto. We need two registry offices in Toronto about as much as we need two post offices, two custom houses, two Parliament buildings. The registry of deeds, mortgages, etc., is attended to almost entirely by the lawyers, and convenience of location is answered completely by the present arrangement. The division of the city in this way is no more justifiable than was the separation of the shrievalties of Toronto and York; it is intended for no more desirable purpose than to pension off Mr. Ryan, and that it is not a reform will be proven by the continuance of the payment of fees unjustifiably large. If a reform were intended the fees would be abolished

directly complimentary way of himself, for he is a zealous officer, whose crusade against sin suits his appetite exactly.

High life in Madras is agitated by a scandal of no ordinary magnitude. During a state ball Lady Connemara, wife of the Governor of the Madras presidency, suddenly took her leave of Government House, attended by Captain Quinn, an aide-de-camp, and Lady Eva Quinn, and took up her quarters at a tavern, alleging that it was impossible for her to remain under the same roof with her husband. We can imagine how a public exhibition of this sort would agitate Canada, though, thank fortune, we have had governors, of late years at least, who have not respected themselves and our society too much to ill-behave themselves. Scandals of this sort have not been infrequent amongst British diplomatists. The ambassador to one of the leading courts in Europe—a great favorite of the Queen's, he was, too—having appeared in public with a notorious woman with whom he was infatuated, his disreputable conduct was the occasion of his immediate recall and permanent disgrace, for that is one offence Her Majesty will not condone. Lady Connemara sails for England, and it is to be expected that Madras will have a new governor before long. As if



Oiga stands in pensive mood,
Child of Nature, sweetest Maiden;
Ne'er were rose-lips brighter hue'd,
Never lived in town or steadichen
Maiden half so fair to see.

"Ach!" she sighs, colloquizing,
"Benno, fickle Schatz of mine,
Comest not; my love despising
Benno courts where roses twine,
Benno comes no more to me."

"Hark! I hear his yodel trilling,
Calleth he his Lena now?
Are her cheeks with roses filling
As he decks her willing brow
With the spoil of Alpine raid?
Edelweiss and Alpenrose—
How my heart was filled with pleasure
When the sweet flowers, fondly chosen,
Dewed with Love's ambrosial measure
At my feet were proudly laid."

Foolish Oiga! look behind thee,
See the smile that Benno wears;
Jealous fancies should not blind thee,
See the treasures Benno bears,
Love and flowers thy fears to calm.
Oiga waves with love and flowers
Pretty pouting, coy delight;
Benno vows that summer showers
Make the sunshine doubly bright,
Bright in Oiga on the Alp.

Society.

Since the illness of Miss Campbell became generally known, Government House has, of course, been besieged by callers and messages of inquiry; and though the answers to these inquiries have been uniformly favorable, it was not till New Year's day that people were told that Miss Campbell was pronounced out of danger, and this was the most welcome item put in circulation by the New Year's callers.

Although most people wished for snow and would have preferred a sleigh to a carriage in which to do their rounds last Tuesday, yet the first day of 1889 might have been much worse as regards its weather. Men who paid their calls on foot, found it just cold enough to make sharp walking pleasant. It was not so cold as to compel the donning of that necessary monstrosity, a fur cap, instead of the orthodox chimney-pot, and those on wheels found the city roadways not quite so bad as usual.

The ways of New Year's day callers are manifold, and many of them make us glad that New Year's calling is rapidly falling into desuetude. There is the economical youth of energy who starts on foot at eleven o'clock and disturbs households, the ladies of which have perhaps scarcely finished breakfast, and who, as six o'clock comes and he pays the last visit of his weary round, is able proudly to relate that this is his forty-fifth. There is again the man who starts at about the same unearthly hour, but who drives, and by dinner-time accomplishes perhaps eighty or ninety; and lastly, there is he who recognizes the impossibility of calling on all his friends and acquaintances, at any rate within decent hours, and who therefore contents himself with half-a-dozen visits to houses where he best likes to go, and where he can stay long enough to enjoy his call. Is not this last the most sensible plan? The average society man, even if he is willing to annoy people by visiting them before mid-day, and even though his steed or steeds be of the fastest, cannot possibly call at the houses where he owes civility. Formerly it was a different matter, but nowadays Toronto society is too large, and its members are too much scattered. May ladies amongst my readers, who have been disappointed in certain callers, think of the distance between the Rosedale heights and Wellington street; between Sherbourne street and Parkdale, and many truant will be forgiven.

I cannot let pass the advent of the new year without pausing for a moment in my task of gossip and chronicle, to ponder on the contrast between the affairs of which I write as they are now and as they were when 1888 was born. Last year at this time the curtain descended on the first act of the season's comedy amidst joyful applause and shouts of delight at its sparkle and brilliancy, and delighted as the audience were with what had gone before, they were especially confident that the second act, between the new year and Lent, would altogether eclipse the first. This year, although the first act had given much quiet enjoyment and has not been without an occasional passage which has sparkled, such passages have not been frequent enough to give brilliancy to the whole. "How gay we have been!" "What a delightful winter!" Such were the exclamations a year ago, and now for the most part they have changed to lamentations—"What a slow winter!" "How little there is going on!"

On Friday afternoon of last week Mr. and Mrs. Brough of St. George street gave a large and pleasant At-Home. Mrs. Brough's house is a large one but it was not too large for the accommodation of her many guests. Mrs. Brough's invitations had named the affair "a five o'clock tea, to meet her friends," but Mrs. Brough's friends are by no means few, and if she does not quite deserve Cowper's description of

"She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends,"
her list of "dear friends" is a large one. It is as difficult to persuade Toronto people to come earlier than a quarter to six in the afternoon as it is to get them before a quarter to ten in the evening, but last Friday it seemed to me that Mrs. Brough's guests were even later than usual. Hardly anyone came before six o'clock and from that hour till half past six the staff of waiters seemed to be having a pretty hot time of it. Everybody appeared to be wanting refreshments of some kind at the same time.

On the last two evenings of last week everyone seemed to be going either to the opera or to hear the Hungarian Band at the Permanent Exhibition. The Yeoman of the Guard was played to a very smart house. One stage box

was graced by the Misses Ford Jones, Dr. Jones and Mr. Ford Jones of Kingston College; another by the Misses Wragge, Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, England, and Mr. Mayne Campbell, and in the other boxes I noticed Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward and Mr. Williams, R. E., while elsewhere were Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. William Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Crombie, Miss Willis, Capt. Sears, Miss Laura Britton, Mr. Fox, Miss Wilkie, Mr. Percy Goldingham, Mr. Coney of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Rathburn.

On both Friday and Saturday there were numerous parties of fashionable people at the performances of the Hungarian band. On Friday night the behavior of a large party of fashionables who certainly ought to know better was such that had I been one of the managers of the entertainment I should have been much tempted to remonstrate with them. They had come evidently not to listen to the music but to enjoy each other's society, and this they did with chatter and laughter so loud and constant as to make it impossible for anybody near them to enjoy the excellent playing of the band. Gradually those persons occupying the seats in their vicinity withdrew to other parts of the room, till at last they were left alone with a large clear space on all sides of them. Apparently unabashed they continued to enjoy themselves in their own way till the end.

A notable dinner amongst the many that have been held in honor of Captain Sears, was that given by his brother officers at the barracks on the last night of the old year. Several guests, friends of the popular adjutant, had been invited out from town, and when dinner was over, the whole party adjourned to the ball with which the non-commissioned officers, their families, and their friends, were seeing the New Year in. Yesterday, Friday the 4th, he went to his home at St. John, N. B., to take leave of his relations, and next week sails for England, thence to join his regiment at Gibraltar.

Mr. Freer, a brother officer of Captain Sears, and who has filled the post of adjutant to the Infantry School at London, Ont., was in town at the end of last week. Together these two gentlemen will cross the Atlantic. They have been away from their regiment four years.

If only on account of his height, Mr. Arthur Hodgins, C. E., is a conspicuous figure in Toronto society. This gentleman, who has been assisting to build a railway at Sherbrooke, Que., for the last year, has returned to town and will take a few months' holiday. Mr. Hodgins talks of South America as the next scene of his labor.

On New Year's Day many hospitable houses provided luncheon to all comers, but some hosts and hostesses preferred to send out invitations and go in for a more formal kind of luncheon party. Notably Mr. Holland, the general manager of the Ontario Bank, and Mrs. Holland, at their fine house on Wellington street. Amongst Mr. and Mrs. Holland's guests were Colonel Otter, Captain Sears, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, Mr. Rowley Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, Mr. Roberts, Miss Hodgins, and Mr. Hodgins.

Miss Kate Merritt of St. George street, who spent last summer at Banff and has since been staying at several of the larger ranches in the North-West, returned to town this week. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and Miss Merritt have also been away in the N. W., but preceded Miss Kate Merritt by nine weeks in their return to town.

To-day (Saturday) society will be very busy, for in the afternoon those who do not go to Mrs. Percival Ridout's At Home at Rosedale House, will doubtless attend a five o'clock tea at Mrs. Wragge's house on Wellesley street. In the evening many roads will lead in a direction in which they very often do lead, namely to Mrs. Edward Jones' on Church street. On this occasion Mrs. Jones' guests are invited to meet Miss Sibley of Detroit, a lady whose violin playing has gained her great fame. I believe that her skill is something quite beyond the general run of amateur players.

The elder Mr. Moffatt, who is an officer in the North-West Mounted Police, and who is quartered at Regina, was in town last week, but his leave was short.

Dr. Colin Campbell returned to his patients in New York at the end of last week.

Amongst Kingston cadets whose uniforms have brightened streets and drawing-rooms of late are Mr. Ford Jones, Mr. Bingham Allan of cricketing fame, and Mr. McInnes. Mr. W. McInnes and Miss Jessie McInnes of Montreal who have been staying with Mrs. James Strachan on Richmond street, returned to Montreal on Wednesday. Although there appear to have been a number of dances in Montreal this winter, and the Victoria Skating Rink is a constant fashionable rendezvous, people there seem to be complaining of the comparative quietness of the season almost as much as we complain here.

Mr. and Mrs. McArthur of Victoria, B. C., after a stay of some weeks with various friends here, have left this week for New York.

Mr. McLellan, who is now one of the brotherhood that inhabits McCaul street, has been spending the week in Montreal.

Mr. Coney of Detroit has left town to return to the States. The reception he has met here should induce others of his kind to follow his example.

Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot of London, England, have left for San Francisco en route to the Sandwich Islands, where it report of the isles has not lied to them, they intend to take up their abode.

Mrs. George Torrance spent New Year's day with Mrs. Frank Mackelcan in Hamilton; there were numerous callers on Grosvenor street disappointed.

Mr. Thorpe and Miss Alice Thorpe of Norwich, England, have returned to Europe; they sailed this week by the North German Lloyd boat from New York.

Miss Laura D'Arcy Boulton, who of late has resided in New York, has returned to Toronto, and will probably not return to the States.

Lord and Lady Stanley, attended by Colonel and Mrs. Colville, Miss Lester and Captain McMahon, arrived on the morning of Wednesday. The public reception on the afternoon of that day was not quite so dismal a ceremony as I had anticipated. The band of the Queen's Own did their best to make things lively, and Mr. Bayley has succeeded in making that best—very good indeed. The cordon of officers in grenadier, rifle, cavalry and artillery uniforms, between whom people made their entrance and exit, was an imposing sight. It must, however, have been a rather exhausting afternoon for these officers, and still more so for their Excellencies. From four till half-past six was a very long time, and the last half hour was, after all, unnecessary, for hardly anybody came in after six.

The original intention of the Victoria Club to give a carnival last Thursday evening had to be abandoned, owing to the essential feature of ice being wanting. As first proposed invitations were extended to the members and their families for whom the upper galleries were to be reserved and the general public were invited to view the carnival from the lower gallery. After doing a great deal of hard labor in preparing the building for the festive event and placarding the city with gorgeous posters, the committee became panic-stricken lest ice would not appear, and it is said some of them earnestly prayed that the weather might turn cold, but their prayers were not answered, and at the last moment the invitations to the public were cancelled, and the members had to turn the carnival into a dance in the billiard room, which, to do the committee credit, had been as nicely decorated as it was possible in the short time at their disposal. It was half-past nine before dancing began; the billiard room was crowded, and many of the faces best known in society were there. It is impossible to give an extended account this week of either the grand opening of the rink by Lord Stanley or of the charming evening. The address was presented by President A. M. Cosby.

Following is a list of President Cosby's guests at the dinner given in the club: The Governor General, Hon. Frank Smith, Sir Adam Wilson, Mr. Justice Osler, Mr. Justice McLennan, Dr. Temple, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Commander Law, Dr. Sprague, Lt.-Col. Smith, A. D. C., Lt.-Col. Grasset, Lt.-Col. Dawson, A. D. C., Mr. R. H. Cuthbert, Mr. Cecil Giblin, Mr. P. P. Ridout, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Lt.-Col. Gillmore, the Bishop of Toronto, Sir Wm. Howland, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Mr. Justice MacMahon, Lt.-Col. Otter, Prof. Clark, Hon. S. C. Hardy, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. J. E. Davidson, Mr. A. E. Plummer, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. A. J. Cattanech, Mr. J. H. Morrison, Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison, Capt. Colville, A.D.C., Mr. B. E. Walker, Mr. Gamble Geddes.

At Jerviston, on Thursday, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Vice-President of the Victoria Club, invited the following ladies and gentlemen to partake of luncheon with their Excellencies, and nearly all of them were present: The Lieut.-Governor and Miss Campbell, Major-General Sir F. Middleton and Lady Middleton, Hon. Oliver Mowat and Mrs. Mowat, Lieut.-Col. Otter, D. A. G., and Mrs. Otter, Lieut.-Col. Sweny and Mrs. Sweny, Hon. J. B. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, Dr. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith, Dr. Sprague and Mrs. Sprague, Commander Law, R. N., and Mrs. Law, Mr. Gamble Geddes.

An awkward mistake was that made by the invitation committee of the Victoria Club. Somehow or other no formal invitation was sent to Lady Stanley, and it was only when Her Excellency telegraphed to have a box reserved for her at the theater for Thursday night, that the important omission became known. However, Lady Stanley and Hon. Mrs. Colville, with Lieut. McMahon, drove to the rink after the play was over.

The reception given by the Mayor at his office on New Year's day was a very great success, though lacking somewhat in fair callers, and will no doubt be imitated by future mayors.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridout have fitted from their pretty country house, Quorn Cottage, Colborne, and are spending the Christmas season at Rosedale House.

Sleepy Hollow, where the last vestige of the natural beauties of the University dell have been preserved, was again the center of many visitors on New Year's day. Mrs. Robinson's numerous friends have many kindly reminiscences of the grace and ability with which she presided at Government House.

I am told that Mrs. C. W. Bunting's New Year's drawing-room was the prettiest in the city. Mr. C. W. Bunting received her friends with Mrs. Bunting.

Ex-Lieut.-Gov. Aikins and family are now settled in their home on Wellesley street. I understand that Mrs. Aikins' reception day is Thursday.

Personal.

Miss Lily Fraser of Port Hope is among our Christmas visitors.

Dr. Haggarty of Portage la Prairie is visiting his old friends in Toronto.

Gen. Middleton is a guest of Prof. Goldwin Smith at the Grange for a few days.

Mr. R. R. Samuel of the Montreal Gazette paid Toronto a flying visit on Wednesday.

George T. Knight of Baron Rudolph fame, who has been seriously ill, is slowly recovering.

Brandon Thomas, well known with Rosina Vokes' company last season, has just been married in London to a rich jeweler's daughter.

Zetland Lodge will have their annual At Home on Monday, January 22, and as usual it will be the social masonic event of the season.

Miss Ryan, Miss N. Burns and Miss H. Archibald have returned from Montreal, where they have been attending the Sault au Recollet.

Mr. William Bengough of New York, brother of J. W. Bengough of Grip, has been spending his holidays with his friends and fellow artists in the city.

At the Church of the Redeemer service of praise on Wednesday evening next, the choir will be assisted by Mlle Adele Strauss and Mr. Arthur Dorey, the new organist of St. Luke's.

Mrs. Prior's pupils assisted by Mr. Walter Donville and Mr. W. E. Ramsay gave a most creditable concert for the benefit of the Church of the Epiphany building fund on Thursday evening.

A farewell party was given to Mr. Charles Clarke at his father's house, 25 Avenue road, on Monday last. He left for Detroit on Wednesday and was given a hearty send off by his many friends.

Signor d'Auria of the Conservatory of Music has offered a scholarship good for one year's free instruction in singing. The competition will take place at the Conservatory on Wednesday evening, January 9.

Rev. J. L. Jones of Kingston Military College is in the city. They are about to establish a paper there to be called the College Gazette. Ex-cadets in various parts of the world are expected to contribute.

At the residence of her brother, Mr. E. E. Pike, 21 Harbor street, on Christmas day, Mrs. L. Baggshaw was married to Mr. E. C. Rice, bookseller, of Wyoming. Rev. D. L. Sutherland officiated, and the company present was a large and happy one.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth has just returned from Germany where for three years past he has been studying music. Mr. Forsyth studied in the Leipzig Conservatory and with Jadassohn, Krause and Rutherford. He has devoted himself particularly to instrumentation and theoretical work.

On Christmas eve, Mr. A. E. Hurst, brother of Will Hurst the bicyclist, was presented with a large portrait of himself, by his pupils in the gymnasium of the Young Women's Christian Guild. Mr. Hurst also won a medal at the gymnastic competition at the Y. M. C. A. on New Year's day.

Lord Stanley and Captain McMahon visited Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's studio Thursday and had first view of the completed model of the statue of the late Col. Williams, to be erected at Port Hope. The likeness is a striking one, the attitude is with sword uplifted as in leading a charge. His Excellency expressed himself as much pleased with it.

Mr. George Stewart, jr., editor of the Quebec Chronicle, writes to an Eastern paper: I am not a candidate for a professorship at Toronto university. I have never been a candidate for a professorship in any college. The attractions of a literary and journalistic life are too strong for me to withstand. My friend, Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the college, has had moreover a letter from me, in which I have

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A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Turnin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

"I feel quite certain about it, Tully. Stillburg & Co., are getting ready to fail and will have to be watched."

"What makes you think so, Grigsby?"

"I got a pointer from a young fellow to whom I was of service once, that they are making away with their stock. Will you have the matter looked into; we are their largest creditors and if there is anything wrong put the sheriff in without the loss of an hour."

"I will see to it, Teddy; good-bye."

"Say, Tully," half-whispered Grigsby, as he leaned over the back of a chair, "I want to ask you about another matter, of course this isn't professional you know, but you know the girl so well that I feel sure your opinion will be worth a great deal more than an ice or an escort."

Tully frowned in anticipation of some disagreeable question. "I am a poor authority on such questions, Grigsby. I haven't had so much luck myself that I can feel at all certain in giving advice to others."

Grigsby laughed awkwardly. "Success with you means a good deal, Tully. You think you are in bad luck if all the girls you know are not in love with you. I would think myself in the greatest luck on earth or in heaven if I could get one girl to like me."

"And that one, Teddy?"

"You know well enough, Tully, it is Bee McKinley. Have I any show? I have made a laughing-stock of myself now so long that I am determined to stop it somehow or other."

"Why of course you have a show, Teddy. I don't see how any woman could refuse you."

"Come, now, none of that, Tully!"

"It is a fact, Teddy. If I had a sister—and I wish to God I had one—I couldn't think of a man I would rather see her married to than you, you great big, good-natured, soft-hearted old baby. I often wonder how you ever got far enough along in business to be able to put a sheriff in anybody's place; but in your business is business, and outside of it you are one of the most gentle creatures God ever made."

"Tut, tut, Tully, don't give me any taffy."

"I am not giving you taffy, Teddy; I am telling you the truth."

"Well, if you are, Steve, I wish it was a truth more generally acknowledged. Socially, I think I am as absurd a figure as there is in the city. I am the errand-boy of the whole McKinley family, and do chores for the rest of the young ladies who want an ice or an escort. None of the girls seem to have the slightest idea I was born for any other use than to take them to the theater when they can't get anybody else or dance with them when the flowers crowd the wall."

"That is because you have always been infatuated with the one girl. If it had not been so serious, or if they had imagined there was any chance for them—"

"But to come back to the question, Tully. Have I any chance to get Bee to marry me? Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, because after all these years I have got used to looking discouragement in the face."

"Teddy," answered Tully, leaning forward and putting his kindly hand on the knee of his companion, "I don't believe that your chances are first-class—in fact, I think you had better give it up."

"I believe you're right, Tully. What you say simply strengthens my own opinion, in fact I have been trying to transfer my attentions to Kitty."

"Well, how did it seem to take?"

"First-rate, and I have an idea she would make a better wife for me than the other one. She is stronger-minded, and at Warring's dance last night I put myself in her charge, and didn't make an ass of myself once. She seems to know how to make me do the right thing, and doesn't make a mistake of me. We had a really splendid time."

"Do you imagine she knows what you mean, Teddy?"

Grigsby blushed. "Oh, I am sure she does. Kit McKinley is smart. I squeezed her hand—don't laugh now, Tully, because I am telling you little details—when I left her, and she looked straight at me and asked if that was intended for her, or if she was to deliver it to Bee."

"What did you say?"

"I said it was for her."

"Then what did she say?"

"She looked straight at me, held out her hand, and when I took it she said, 'You are awfully good, Teddy!'"

"You are in luck, Grigsby; she will make you an 'awfully' good wife, just the kind, for you, I'm sure."

"Do you think so, Steve? By gad! I feel happy, only I was afraid that after all this time maybe Bee wouldn't like it, but I guess she won't mind."

"No, no, old boy, I don't think she'll mind," answered Tully, with that wholeheartedness and cheerful sympathy which made everyone his friend who confided in him.

Grigsby rose to go, tall, ungainly, yet with a slow smile and dignity which after all outweighed his awkwardness. His was not an amovely face, but his blue eyes, light brown curls and scant mustache.

"Who are Stillburg's lawyers, do you know?"

he inquired, the shrewd business look coming back into his face.

"No, I don't know. I'll find out for you though."

After Grigsby had gone Tully went into his partner's office, stated the case and asked, "Do you know who is acting for Stillburg & Co.?"

Killick was writing, and as he looked up his face betrayed no sign of either interest or intelligence. "In what matter, Tully?"

"In no matter particularly, but Teddy Grigsby tells me that they are secreting their stock and wants the sheriff put in."

"What evidence has he that they are crooked?"

Tully went on to explain, concluding by the suggestion that some one should be sent to Stillburg & Co.'s store to observe the situation.

"I wouldn't take that trouble, Tully. If they look shaky I'll have Dooley make out the papers and have the sheriff in at once; it's a great deal better to take no chances. I didn't know Grigsby was a client of yours."

"He was with our firm when I came into it, but he has very little litigation. Clumsy as he looks he is one of the shrewdest business men in the city and takes very few chances."

"Give Dooley your statement of claim, Tully, and get the thing in shape."

"Grigsby didn't give it to me."

"Then send Dooley after it."

Dooley was sent after it, but somehow didn't reach the wholesale house of Grigsby & Johnson for two hours after he had left the office. Oddly enough, too, he had been watching the office door of Grigsby & Johnson for over an hour, observing those who went in and out, from the window of a saloon nearly opposite. When he called he found Mr. Grigsby and Mr. Johnson and the bookkeeper all out. He left his message in a careless sort of a way, as if it were not pressing, and went back to the office reporting to Mr. Tully that he had been unable to see any of the principals though he had called three times, which was the fact, but the three calls were made within fifteen minutes. When the office was closed that evening the statement of claim had not arrived and the matter was let go till the next day. After a hasty dinner Mr. Killick returned to his office and was closeted with Mr. Theodore Kahn for half an hour.

"Have you everything ready, Kahn?"

"Yes—at least we will have by ten o'clock."

"Stuff all packed up?"

"It will be, but then we darsen't take the stock out of the show-cases before we closed. That gorilla Grigsby has been watching us, and I could have sworn the sheriff would have been in here this afternoon."

"So he would have been if Grigsby hadn't been Grigsby and Johnson."

"Oh, is that so?" muttered Kahn significantly.

"Yes, that is so, and I only give you to-night to get out of the place. Have a man ready to travel with the trunks, and go yourself by carriage to Hamilton. Tell your brother to stop, but not to open the store in the morning. He can spend till noon making an assignment and then he must skip too. If you haven't brains enough to get your stuff out of sight, before he reaches you, it is your own lookout."

"Killick, you are doing the square thing by us," cried Kahn rapturously. "We have had only two weeks, but we won't leave two hundred dollars' worth in the shop."

"Go," said Killick, "and for God's sake never let me see your ugly mug again."

The plan would have worked excellently, but Teddy Grigsby had arranged otherwise. Two hours before the departure of the train he had learned that Theodore Kahn was in the city, and unable to find Tully, he swore out a *capias*, had him arrested, detained the baggage and had both of the brothers in jail before midnight.

Next morning there was great excitement in the office of Killick & Tully. The senior partner was the first to arrive, though he had been out much of the night endeavoring to get bail for Kahn and his brother. Tully came later and was at once sent for and closeted with his partner.

"Why, how in—could you do it, Killick? You knew we were acting for Grigsby."

"Now don't harp on that, Tully. I was acting for Kahn before you received instructions from Grigsby & Johnson."

"And why the devil didn't you tell me yesterday," demanded Tully, angrily.

"Because I thought it would make no difference as I expected the Kahns would be out of the country before this time," answered Killick, slipping down in his chair and assuming his usual attitude when engaged in deep thought.

"Then you knew that they intended to abscond?"

"Yes, I knew that they intended to change their place of business, but I didn't let it interfere with your plans for protecting Grigsby. Didn't I send Dooley down there to watch around two hours yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, but with instructions not to find them, I suppose. I don't know how in thunder we are going to fix this thing so as to make it look right. You can't act for the Kahns and I for the prosecution."

"Easy enough my dear boy. I'll say I didn't know you were acting for Grigsby & Johnson and you will say you didn't know I was acting for Stillburg & Co., and in that way neither of us will be to blame. Grigsby will have to go to somebody else."

"Indeed he won't. He is an old client of ours, my personal friend, and so intimate with me socially that it would be impossible to throw him overboard for the sake of a couple of thieves. I suppose, I don't know how in thunder we are going to fix this thing so as to make it look right. You can't act for the Kahns and I for the prosecution."

"I tell you, Tully, that you can't act for Grigsby. There are reasons which are none the less strong because that I do not divulge them, why we cannot be with the prosecution in this affair. The easiest way is for us to refuse both clients under the circumstances and occupy a neutral position. Grigsby will come back to you with his next case."

Tully bit his mustache viciously as he stood with his hands deep in his trousers pockets, glaring at the ugly face which at that moment was upturned towards the ceiling, as expressions of his mind in the plaster which the old man seemed so fond of studying.

"I suppose," said Tully, "this man Kahn had some hold on you. The exceedingly odd manner in which he stole his papers from your vault is still fresh in public memory and it would have been in better taste if you had made yourself less prominent in trying to obtain bail for him last night, particularly when you knew that you were acting against our own clients."

"If I knew that, Tully, it doesn't follow that other people know it. Be good enough to make no reference to our conversation. I have a good excuse for getting rid of Stillburg & Co., and of relieving you of the prosecution. Have sense enough to know that I wouldn't do it without reason. Retain, too, in your brilliant mind the fact that I don't propose to be taught my business by you."

"Nor I to receive any impertinence from you."

"Come now, Tully, get off your high horse. Since you have been with me you have made more mistakes than any partner or clerk I ever had. In investigating that Moore title, I find that you passed over an important point which makes the loan of Miss Brown's money an absolute loss to your client."

"What's that you say?" cried Tully, starting forward and grasping his partner roughly by the shoulder.

Killick straightened himself up in his chair, turned his dull eyes to the excited man before him and explained, with a significant tightening of his coarse lips: "I say that you, by your carelessness, have lost your client thirty thousand dollars. Perhaps Moore doesn't know the circumstances, and I may help you to realize on it, but I don't want any of your pretentious airs around me. Go back to your office and do as I tell you."

As he concluded, Killick rose from his chair, shook Tully's hand from his shoulder and grasped the knob of the door, as if to prepare for the exit. Tully was to oblige as a ghost. Big drops of perspiration stood on his forehead as he asked unsteadily: "Killick, is this the truth, or are you trying to frighten me?"

The old man, leaning towards him, whispered: "It is the truth, Stephen Tully, and another little section of the truth may be of use to you—that you are entirely in my power and must do as I say."

Killick led the way towards Tully's room, stopping at Cora Burnham's desk to speak to Dooley, who was checking some accounts. With a lack of caution, foreign to the astute old lawyer, Killick began to explain to his senior clerk—with the idea of convincing Tully of the truth of what he had just told him—that there was something wrong with the Moore title, and the matter had better be looked into. Dooley asked a few questions, one leading one:

"If the memorial in the registry office doesn't contain the facts of the deed, where is the deed itself?"

Tully had left them and entered his room. Killick with a leer pointed with his thumb over his shoulder towards his vault.

Cora heard all this, saw the motion made with the big fat thumb and, remembering what her father had said, turned her face away lest her flushed cheeks might betray the fact that she had been an eager listener. At lunch time she reported the story, and her father listened with rapt attention.

"Watch everything, Cora!" he exclaimed. "I'll have this thing looked into. Find out where he keeps the will, and get to see it."

"That is useless, father. I haven't the keys of his vaults, and they are never out of his own hand."

"But, girl, you must get them—a fortune may depend on it. Have you no influence with the old scoundrel?" demanded her father, giving her a look which made her cast down her eyes in shame.

"I might have," she answered, "if—if—if I chose."

"Then, Cora, you must choose. There need be nothing wrong, but you must lend yourself to whatever plan I devise for getting a look at that will—and lose no time, Cora. If you get a chance, use it, but if he asks for an appointment"—the aristocratic and soldierly looking old man leaned across the corner of the table as he spoke—"grant it, grant it, but it must be in his office. I will attend to the rest."

Cora's flaming face, the trembling hands and shamed look of the mother were a silent protest against the suggestion, but Ralph Moore paid no attention; he was acquainted with neither shame nor scruple.

An opportunity occurred that afternoon for Cora to enter Mr. Killick's office. A heavy safe had been moved, and its weight had so depressed the floor that the lock no longer fastened the door on which the legend "Engaged," intimated that no trespassers were allowed.

The door stood ajar, and though Cora knew that Theodore Kahn who was out on bail was closeted with Mr. Killick, as she knocked no voices could be heard. As she stood waiting for a response a draught from the outer entrance swung the private door still further open, and she felt emboldened to look in. The vault door stood ajar, and she caught a glimpse of the inner room, and then she could hear the low murmur of voices inside. Drawing the door as nearly shut as she could, she rapped softly, and at length Mr. Killick responded.

When he saw the door unlocked he demanded angrily how she entered. Something in her eye arrested his further speech. She entered the room and with the simple apology:

"In moving the safe across the room its weight where it now stands made your lock so that it doesn't fasten. I know you were engaged, and fearing that someone might intrude I simply wanted to call your attention to it."

"Cora," he said gratefully, "you are a smart girl and a trusty one. If I weren't such an old man I would give you a kiss."

She did not blush from him as usual, and when he put his warty hand under her chin, he succeeded in touching her smooth cheek with his repulsive lips. Cora shuddered, but with as much dignity as possible opened the door and returned to her desk.

(To be Continued.)

Bold Robin Hood of Old.

To the reign of Henry II belongs the life of our popular English ballad hero, Robin Hood, who was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about the year 1160. He was of noble birth, and his true name was Robert Fitzooth, so called because he was corrupted into Robin Hood. Some German critics treat him as a nature myth, and find in the same Robin a form of Woden. For us let him be Robert. He may have had, in the latter part of his life, at least, some right to his reputed dignity of king's officer. Again, the oldest of his inheritance, either by reason of the wildness of his youth or of injustice done, sent him to the old refuge of patriotic outlaws in the years following the Conquest—to the woods, where in days of cruel and oppressive forest law, men ate the king's game for their daily meat. His chief companions were Little John, whose surname is said to have been Naylor; William Scadlock, Scathalock or Scarlet; George a Green, the pinder (or poundkeeper); Much, a miller's son; Friar Tuck and Robin's sweetheart, the Maid Marian. He gathered a company of one hundred stout archers, and his tradition always held that if he saw any stout fellow whom he desired for comrade he fought him, took a cudgeling from him and enlisted him after he had thus made proof of his strength. His forest domain was usually at Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, or in Sherwood Forest, some say also at Plumpton Park in Cumberland. He took only from the rich, and fed the poor with the plunder of the abbots, thus taking his own way of expressing popular resentment against the rapine of the flying calves and eagles figured in Walter Map's *Apology*. Again, the oldest of Robin Hood, according to the ballads of the people:

These byshoppes and thes archyshoppes
Ye shall them bete and bynde,
And he loathed especially the Abbot of St. Mary's York. English tradition has also painted Robin Hood as in the rough way of a rough time a religious outlaw. Friar Tuck was once standing in a crowded theater. Someone leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulders. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. "The latter started back. 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Saphir; 'I thought it was mine.'"

A Nosegay.
Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theater. Someone leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulders. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. "The latter started back. 'Oh, I beg your pardon,' said Saphir; 'I thought it was mine.'"

Very Rank.
"Mother," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I shall be a duchess when I grow up."

"How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?"

"Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the little girl.

Just the Horse for a Sleigh Ride.
"You seem to be very fond of my horse, Mabel," said Jack Soffley, as he watched his heart's idol feeding the noble animal with lumps of sugar.

"Why shouldn't I be?" she returned. "The dear old fellow needs only one hand to drive him."

The Traveler's Christmas.
"The drummer's life is not what it's cracked up to be," remarked Sampease. "What do you suppose I made my Christmas dinner on this year?"

"Couldn't guess," replied his friend.

"On wheels."

He Saw It.
"If you want a meal you must saw the wood," said the housewife to the tramp.

"Sartin, ma'am," was the answer. When the meal was ready he ate heartily, and was just getting through the gate when the good woman called after him:

"Here, you, come back! You promised to saw that wood."

"Yessum, an' I went right on 'saw it. I never goes back on a bargain."

Bull and Python.

Recently one of the most remarkable scenes on record was reported as having been witnessed in the vicinity of Table Mountain. A troop of cattle, consisting of twelve cows and a bull, were grazing on one of the plateau-like spurs of the mountain, which is surrounded on three sides by precipitous ravines, and on the fourth side, that nearest the mountain, by dense bush. Some natives higher up the mountain were attracted by the sound of bellowing of the cattle, and saw two enormous pythons coming out of the bush and making for the cattle, which had drawn themselves up in a compact group with the bull at its head. As the pythons drew near the animals gradually backed till they stood on a small space that jutted out over a tremendous precipice.

At this stage a sudden rush was made, but only one heifer succeeded in escaping. The other cattle, bellowing most piteously, gradually backed, and one by one fell over the precipice till finally the bull only was left. He suddenly charged at the big python, transfixing the reptile on his horns, but the second snake seized the bull in its folds and, having its tail around a huge boulder, commenced to crush the bull, which, moaning piteously, struggled frantically to escape. The tail of the python lost its hold of the rock, but the larger snake, which had slipped off the horn, lapping its tail around a small boulder opposite the one the other snake had just released, seized the bull and compressed the animal in its scaly fold. The other python succeeded in regaining its former position, and the bull was literally suspended in mid air by the snakes.

The who's scene looked like some ghastly triumphal march. The snakes were evidently getting the best of the poor brute, which was bleeding profusely, when, by a sudden effort, his struggles forced both reptiles to lose their hold of the rocks, and the whole three were hurled into the ravine beneath.

The cattle were found on the first ledge of the precipice, all being dead, but the bull and the pythons had bounded from ledge to ledge, and were found 400 feet below the scene of the fight. The bull was merely mangled mass, and the snakes were greatly mutilated, the

larger one having the vertebrae broken in nine places. The pythons, which were of the rock species, male and female, measured respectively 40 feet 3 inches and 35 feet 9 inches.

We All Make Mistakes.

Victor Hugo had quite a mania for using pretty or high-sounding phrases. It was his fate, as it is that of all other literary celebrities to receive shoals of poems and plays for criticism, or dedicated to himself, and his replies to the senders were often couched in the most exaggerated and often absurd terms. A bald-headed stonemason of Roubaix, sixty-five years old, sent him a poetical epistle, and was paralyzed with this reply:

"I see your image reflected in your lines; every one of your thoughts sprang from a head intimated that no trespassers were allowed. When he saw the door unlocked he demanded angrily how she entered. Something in her eye arrested his further speech. She entered the room and with the simple apology:

A Friend in Need.



Osculation.



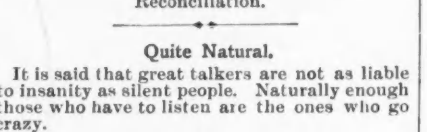
Indignation.



Separation.



Reconciliation.



Quite Natural.

It is said that great talkers are not as liable to insanity as silent people. Naturally enough those who have to listen are the ones who go crazy.

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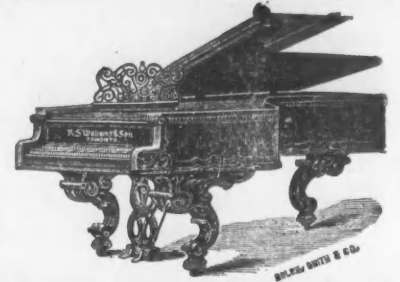
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SPARE HYPO

"The Way to Arcady."

"Oh, what's the way to Arcady, to Arcady, to Arcady?"
"Oh, what's the way to Arcady, where all the leaves are merry?"

So sang Harry Arden, in a full rich tenor voice, until he was interrupted in his jovial lay by the reproachful query—
"Harry, are you ever going to do any good in this world?"

"My dear Jennie, why should I, when doing no harm is so much more enjoyable? Sit down here and listen to the charming verses—"
"Oh, what's the way?"

"Ruin, misery and misfortune, Harry—that's the way you are going! Oh, cousin, cannot I or any one rouse you to a sense of your situation? You father may die at any moment; and then what is to become of your mother?"

"And you, Jennie—I must take care of you," said Harry Arden raised himself slowly from the grass where he had been lying under the apple-tree, and looked at Jennie Melville tenderly. "When the worst comes, dear, you may rely on me! Meanwhile, what is the use of worrying? Do let us be happy while we can!"

"Happy!" cried Jennie Melville indignantly. "How can you talk or even think of happiness, with Sir Arthur dangerously ill, Lady Arden helpless, or worse, and those dreadful men in possession of everything?"

"Why not, cousin? Since I can't have the real thing, let me enjoy the ideal. Father is no worse now than he was five years ago; and even if he were, my being miserable would not make him better. The dear little mother never troubles herself about anything, and she likes to see me cheerful and happy. For the rest, matters are just as they always have been; yet, you see, we have managed to pull through somehow."

"But those dreadful men, Harry!"
"Oh, I've telegraphed for Montagu—he'll make that all right! We've had the bailiffs at Arden Hall before now, my dear; and they seem to like it too, by Jove! They find the way to Arcady through the beer cellar and the servants' hall. Don't worry any more, Jennie, but just sit down and let me read to you. It will be quite enough for you to take all the troubles of our rather distressful house on your shoulders when you are its mistress."

"That I shall never be, Harry!" said Jennie Melville gravely. "When we became engaged five years ago, you promised me you would rouse yourself and try to do something to free the estate from its load of encumbrances and preserve the dear old home for your mother; you said you would put your shoulder manfully to the wheel and build up the fallen fortunes of the family—work for freedom and honest independence. And what have you done? Nothing, nothing!"—and Jennie's eyes gleamed with scorn and contempt. "You have failed miserably, and I have come this morning to tell you that I consider our engagement at an end—quite at an end! I am ashamed of you, Harry!"

"And I am proud of you!" returned Harry, looking up with lazy admiration at the fair flushed, troubled face. "But, at the same time, dear, I think you are a little unjust. I have been working this summer like a galley-slave. There is my volume of lyrics for an old lady almost finished; three acts of my drama are finished, and all the sketches for my great picture complete, except the Maid of Orleans herself. Now I wish you would change your mind, and sit, or rather stand, to me for Joan, Jennie—I could get on with the thing then."

"Heaven comfort your capacity!" Jennie quoted, with a sarcastic smile. "A pretty maid of Orleans I should make, truly! Besides, you can get your Joan where you get the rest of your models. I have no ambition to be seen in such company. More than that, I am perfectly certain the picture will never bring you as much as you've paid already for the canvas and colors, not to mention the models. If you would stick to your workshop, and make frames for other people's pictures instead of trying to paint, you would do much better—at least, that is my opinion. You had far better be a good carpenter than a bad painter!"

"Thanks, my radical little cousin," replied Harry, with a good humor; "but the way to Arcady is not through chips and shavings. I pity, but I can hardly blame you for having no artistic taste. Still you admire my poetry?"

"The word is full of poetry. What it wants nowadays is work—real, earnest, useful work. The world has money, honor, and fame to give in return—peace and happiness too, Harry. Are they not worth trying for?" cried Jennie earnestly.

"Certainly, dear; but one need not dig for them—one need not plough and sow and reap. You would have me travel a stony path to Arcady, Jennie mine!"

"All paths are stony to him who has not knowledge and patience."

You have neither, Harry; and I do not envy you the Arcady to which your 'primrose path of dalliance' will lead. What is the use of your reams of verse and yards of painted canvas? No one will read your poetry or buy your pictures. But I have said too much, for all has been said in vain; and I may as well complete what I came out to say—that I am about to leave this Hall."

"Leave the Hall! What do you mean, Jennie?" cried Harry, in a most unusual tone of excitement. "Where are you going?"

"To London."

"And what on earth are you going to do there? You have no friends or acquaintances!"

"I'm going to find 'the way to Arcady,'" replied Jennie, with some approach to her old bright smile. "Let us see who will find it first, cousin—you in the sylvan shades of Arden, letting the moments pass, dawdling in the shade and basking in the sunshine, or I in the crowded streets of London, learning to labor and perhaps to wait," she added more sadly. "Anyhow, it's good-bye, Harry—all is over between us; for of course you know I cannot stay on here now, with uncle so ill and everything going to ruin."

"You egotistical little thing! Just as if you could make any difference one way or another!"—and Harry Arden laughed heartily as Jennie Melville turned away with a gesture of impatience and walked swiftly towards the house. The girl was desperately in earnest, and did not like being laughed at; but she fully realized that Harry's good-humored rally made the step she was about to take all the easier.

Jennie was an orphan. Her mother had been Sir Arthur's only sister, and had married a Scotchman, who lost all his fortune in an unlucky speculation. The pecuniary troubles that followed killed him, and his wife did not long survive; so Jennie found a home with her uncle at Arden Hall. She was twelve years old when she first came there, and for ten years she had lived in the quaint ruined old mansion, uncared for, untended, doing as she pleased without let or hindrance—for Sir Arthur was a real invalid, and the use of an imaginary one. The old housekeeper was the girl's only friend and companion. Teacher she had none; and yet Jennie Melville had managed to acquire a considerable amount of information on a great variety of subjects. She read the *Times* when it came from Sir Arthur's room, and other newspapers when Freeman, the butler, had done with them. She studied *Wealth of Nations*, and had the politics of the day by heart; she was also a good cook, for much of her time was spent in the kitchen, and she was naturally receptive. She made her own dresses and her own caps, looked after the conservatory and "lent a hand" generally all over the house wherever she was wanted. Always merry and healthy, and never fancying she was in the least neglected, she went on cheerfully for five years. Then her cousin, Harry, Sir Arthur's only son, came home from Oxford for some unexplained reason; and finding time hanging rather heavily on his hands, he gave lessons to his young cousin. The pupil soon got beyond her instructor, for Harry's powers were not of a very

high order, and his teaching consisted chiefly of reading his own poetical effusions or making fine-sounding speeches on art and culture. Jennie, however, read and thought, and soon discovered her cousin's shallowness. She learned how utterly superficial were his accomplishments, how contemptible was his want of purpose, and told him so, more plainly than politely perhaps. But he only laughed good-naturedly, and declared he rather liked her little outbursts of temper.

As a matter of course, Harry fell in love with his cousin, for he could not exist without being in love with some one; and, after much reflection, Jennie consented to be his wife conditionally. So they became engaged on her twenty-first birthday, with Sir Arthur's consent and blessing, and Lady Arden's mild approval. Both the Squire and his wife knew that Jennie was just the girl for indolent, easy-tempered Harry, because she was so firm, so earnest, so self-reliant, and had so much common sense. She had no money, certainly; but then she had birth, brains, and beauty, and the Ardens had always been an unmercenary family.

The conditions imposed upon Harry were not very hard; but he had failed to fulfil them; and so, on the eve of her twenty-second birthday, Jennie broke off her engagement, bade him good-bye, and resolved to leave the Hall forever. She could do no good by staying, and she would not be missed. Matters would take their course, and, when the inevitable end came, there would be one less to be looked after.

Harry, lying under the apple-tree, laughed again at the idea of Jennie's going anywhere or doing anything except what he wished; and it was not till a little note was brought to him the next morning, before he was out of bed, that he realized she was in earnest. In her note she merely said, "Good-bye—I am off by the 9.15 train. Glancing at his watch, Harry saw that it wanted but a quarter to eleven, and, for the first time in his life, he felt a sense of shame at his own indolence.

"I must follow her at once!" he said to himself, with unusual energy; and then he remembered that he could not go to town that day, as Mr. Montagu, the family lawyer, was coming down; besides, he had not the remotest idea whether Jennie was gone, and without some clue, seeking for her in London would be futile. The only person who could have given him any definite information was the old housekeeper; but her lips were sealed by a promise to Jennie not to give her address to any one without express permission.

Five years passed by, and Jennie Melville stood by the window of a little sitting-room in a London lodging-house, looking out at the muddy streets and driving rain. It was not by any means a pleasant situation, but out of doors, and the tiny sitting-room looked particularly cozy with its cheery fire and dainty tea-table. Jennie herself was quite in keeping with her surroundings—she was bright, cheery, healthy-looking. The girl was a trifle slender perhaps, and with a more sedate expression on her face, but otherwise unaltered since she left Arden Hall five years before. She wore a dress of some soft black material, with linen collars and cuffs; her curly dark hair was closely coiled at the back of her head, but no art could conceal its rippling waves in the front; her hands were small and white; her only ornament was a heavy gold chain which had been her father's.

"Not beautiful, but trustworthy," she said, glancing at her old-fashioned watch. "Ten minutes more and I must be off. I wonder if cousin Harry has found the way to Arcady yet. What would he say if I knew of my occupation? It's worse even than chips and shavings; but it pays!"—and Jennie glanced round her pretty room with almost childish delight. "It seems so funny to think that all this is mine, and that I have money in the savings-bank, and could drive in a hansom, cab instead of trudging through the streets if I liked, and live in Bayswater instead of Bloomsbury, and that I've done it all myself, every bit. I'm happier a thousand times than if I were Lady Arden—idle, useless, and in perpetual difficulties!" and she took up a neat visiting-card and read aloud—"Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery." "Doesn't sound very imposing, certainly; but it is useful and profitable. It was certainly a happy inspiration of mine!"

Then she took up a large white apron and a pair of white sleeves from a drawer, placed them with a neatly written note in a packet, donned a waterproof, and, with a final glance round to see that everything was in order, went out, locking the door, and hurried off to give a lesson in cookery to a young lady living in Cavendish square.

When Jennie left her home at Arden Hall, she had not quite decided what she should do, and until her plans were formed she lodged with the sister of the old housekeeper at the hall, who had been a cook, and went out sometimes to assist at great dinners. It was a chance remark of this good woman's—that ladies never knew how to assist at great dinners, or help them if they were in difficulty—that caused Jennie to think, and the result was that she spent six months with Mrs. Batters, learning cookery in all its details and reading every book she could find on the subject.

Then she wrote to a lady who was well known for her readiness to assist all women in helping themselves, and explained her project; and the result was more satisfactory than she had dared to hope. The lady not only approved of the plan, but became a pupil herself, and learned, for the first time in her life, how properly to boil a potato and cook a mutton-chop. Altogether Jennie had done very well; her work was not very hard, and her heart was wholly in it; almost every working hour was fully occupied, and scarcely a day passed without a new pupil being added to her list. More than once she was advised to start a class, but it would be a saving of time and trouble; but she readily refused, believing that individual training was the great secret of her success.

Shortly after Jennie had left the Hall, Sir Arthur Arden died, and she learned from the old housekeeper that matters were even worse than she imagined; everything was sold, and Lady Arden, who had a bare pittance to live upon, went abroad. What became of her cousin Harry she never heard; she never saw his name in the newspapers or magazines, and never heard him spoken of by any of the ladies whom she went among. Professor Melville was not always cooking, and she sometimes took a little on social matters with her fair pupils occasionally. In the course of her work she had made friends with many literary people, but none of them seemed to know anything of Sir Henry Arden.

"I wonder if he has found the way to Arcady, poor fellow!" Jennie repeated, as she hurried along. "How he would despise my poor prosaic path! And yet it's comfortable enough. Poor Harry!"

Five minutes later she was in a large kitchen, with two slender fair-haired girls in bib-aprons and linen sleeves at her side, instructing them in the mystery of making and tossing pancakes—for it was Shrove Tuesday. Suddenly there was a loud scream from one of the girls, who, in passing the fire, had touched the bars with her dress and in a moment was enveloped in flames. She was rushing from the kitchen screaming wildly when Jennie seized her, threw her on to the floor, and covered her with the heavy kitchen hearthrug. The flames were out in a very few moments, and the girl, though terribly frightened, was not seriously injured.

The cook sent for a doctor while Jennie examined the burns. They were not serious, only a few which vaseline and cotton-wool would soon set all right. Jennie herself however was not so fortunate, for she was badly burned about the face, neck, hands, and one of her arms. She scarcely seemed to notice her injuries till she was convinced that her pupil was out of all danger. Then she proceeded in a very business-like way to dress the burns on her own hands and arms.

Just as Jennie was tying up one arm, the

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doctor entered the kitchen. For one moment she stared at him almost incredulously, then held out her blistered hands.

"Harry—cousin Harry!" she cried.
"Jennie!" he gasped, in astonishment; and the next moment he had her in his arms and was kissing her. "But how is this?" he inquired. "They said Miss Leslie had met with an accident, and, as Doctor Wilson was out, I came at once, and I find it is my long-lost Jennie!"

"No, no—I am not the real patient; there she is," and Jennie explained how the accident happened, making light of her own injuries. "But what do you know about burns, Harry?" she cried suddenly. "You are not a doctor."

"Yes, I am—fully qualified assistant—with a view to partnership—to the great Doctor Wilson," he replied, with a droll smile. "And you, Jennie?"

"Am Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery," she said, with a curtsy.

"Well, well! So this is how we have found the way to Arcady!"

Six months later, when the partnership was an accomplished fact and Jennie Melville became Lady Arden, they both agreed that it was not such a bad way after all.

The Sleepless Eye.

A gentleman with a glass eye, on his arrival in India, engaged a numerous staff of servants, and, among the rest, one whose duty was to fan his master during the night. These fanners pursue their avocation in a very perfunctory fashion, as may be readily guessed, and cease their labors the moment the master has dropped off to sleep. The new comer was aware of the fact, and was not a little amused as he overheard the conversation of a group of these men who were relating their experience of the previous night. His own servant remarked:

"Oh! oh! my master is a sly fox! When he goes to bed he takes out one of his eyes and lays it on a table to watch me; it never goes to sleep, and I am obliged to keep on working the punkah all through the night, till the other eye awakes."

Called Back.

"Yes," said he, "life is so lonely."
"It is lonely, sometimes," she answered.
"Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little cottage covered with ivy and honeysuckle and roses?"
"Oh, wouldn't it!"
"And when a fellow comes home tired from business to have a nice little wife meet him at the door with a kiss."

"And then the summer nights, the windows open, the sunset just giving light enough in the cosy parlor, and—you—I mean a wife at the piano, singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely."

"I think it—would—be—nice."
At this point a careworn woman came round the corner with a pair of twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell upon the air for a little. Then they changed the subject.

A Sparkler.

Alf—Is Old Soak brilliant in conversation?
Jack—Think not. He glared at me for two hours in a bar-room yesterday, and his only remark was wow!!!

Little Bill's Facial Weakness.

The household of the German emperor is hereafter to have no servant who wears a mustache. Even some of the women of the establishment will be subjected to pinching under the nose. His majesty doesn't mean that anybody, if he can help it, shall have a mustache

A Physical Impossibility.



Young Charlie Gunther—Jack, she just rejected me, and I actually think she is laughing in her sleeve at me.
Jack—Oh, she can't do that, dear boy. Her dress is sleeveless, don'tcherknow!—Judge.

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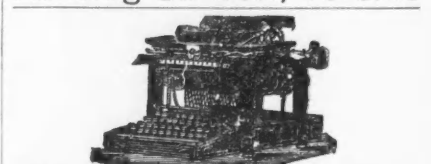
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Saturday Night for 1889.

Trusting that the new year has opened happily for all the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, we desire to say a word concerning what we intend to offer you during 1889.

The first feature, beginning next Saturday, will be Miss Braddon's new story, "The Day Will Come," the illustrations of which will surpass those of any other serial ever published in Canada.

On the return of our manager from New York the week after next the departments of the paper will be thoroughly reorganized, and new and interesting features added. It is the intention of the publishers to have every department edited by specialists in the lightest vein consistent with the style of a first-class family paper.

While congratulating ourselves on the success of the social department it will be our aim to make it still more attractive, and it having been demonstrated by the course of this journal in the past that there is no intention in our society columns of reflecting the work of a Paul Pry, or publishing anything objectionable to the most punctilious reader, we earnestly invite those interested in social affairs to assist us in making it a complete record of the events of the season and the movements of those in whom the readers of this paper are mutually interested. It often makes the stay of a guest much more pleasant when his or her coming is announced to the friends who will be delighted to call. It also saves disappointments and trouble when those leaving the city for a time have it announced. That social events will be recorded is an acknowledged fact and when those interested directly convey us the information we are certain then not to make mistakes. Toronto is becoming a large city, and we are within the truth in asserting that SATURDAY NIGHT has proved of great social value and in the changed circumstances has almost become a necessity.

Those having illustrations of local interest, sketches and pictures which they would like to have reproduced, would do us a favor by sending them to us. They will be carefully preserved and returned. In beginning this new year we ask your co-operation in making SATURDAY NIGHT a paper of which Toronto may well be proud.

The Past Year.

In reviewing the past year from a particularly Canadian standpoint there is nothing in the page of history which has just been turned over for regret, while there is much for congratulation.

We have lost a few prominent men. Senator Ferrier, Hon. Thomas White, Sir John Rose, Archbishop Lynch, and from the sparse field of Canadian letters, John Charles Dent.

Unlike the young nations which in olden times grew by conquest, Canada has grown greater without adding an acre to her domain. Emigration of a thrifty and proper sort has found its way into the wheat fields of the northwest, and the magnificent crop there will be a sufficient invitation for many more farmers to follow the setting sun towards the prairie land of promise, even though the frost, the unwelcome guest at the harvest banquet, considerably reduced the rejoicing.

Elsewhere Canada has not suffered in material things, while all over the country there has been a vast increase of patriotic sentiment for which we have to thank our neighbors. Threatenings of retaliation and of absorption from the powerful Republic have made Canadians draw more closely together, and since Confederation there has been no year which will be remembered as such a distinctive milestone in our national progress as the one just closed. We may build railways and canals, buy vast regions, spend money on highways and public buildings, and if we lack a distinctive Canadian sentiment, a sturdy national spirit, some common bond of unity, we will be weak and hopeless indeed. That self-reliant patience keeps us quiescent while the bumptious bragadoles of our southern neighbors are crowding us together and giving us reason for fraternity amongst ourselves, gives reason for hopefulness and the feeling that the sons of this great American northland, like the Norsemen of old, may be the dominant race of the continent, even though lacking in numbers.

While we congratulate ourselves as Canadians, as citizens of the Greatest Empire, subjects of the Greatest Queen, we feel a glow of pride that the glory of the crown is not dimmed or the power of the flag grown less.

Church Troubles.

The Jeffery trouble refuses to be settled. The pious fathers of the church seem determined that the dirt of discordant epithets shall fill the air for another period, during which religion, as it is exemplified not only by the agitators in this matter but by the whole church, shall be discredited. The noisy and litigious elements in a church are too often apt to seize upon its management, while the modest and faithful believer sits on the back benches and is covered with shame to hear the wrangling, and is almost afraid to take up a daily newspaper lest he may see interviews between the elders of the church—the robed servitors of God—and the wicked reporters, who are much more anxious to furnish a sensation than to heal the wounds which need nothing but a drop of the oil of brotherly love to soothe the irritation. But no; this cannot be. The wounds are torn open again and again, until shortly the sores may disfigure the whole face of Methodism in Toronto.

Music

The Philharmonic Society's performance of the Messiah, on Thursday evening of last week, was one of the best concerts the society has ever given, rivaling in the excellence of its chorus singing its great rendering of the Elijah, in 1874. The orchestra, too, came out in a strong light at this last concert, and in its general excellence fully proved the wisdom of Mr. Torrington's efforts to centralize the work of oratorio accompaniments in Toronto itself, and as much as possible with the same body of people all the time. In these efforts there is more required than the mere ability to read the notes and play them. The players must know their conductor, and feel themselves in touch with him, and they must also know each other. The rank and file must know the ones who sit in front of and lead them. By this means they insensibly acquire the necessary power to instinctively follow the motions of their leaders, and thus acquire a unity of phrasing and delivery, which is otherwise impossible with the material available here. The good effect of this training was fully shown on Thursday evening, when what is now known as Mr. Torrington's orchestra did the best work it has yet placed before the public. The chorus accompaniments were well played, and a rare unity was established between the singers and the players. The tone was full and adequate to that of the large and powerful chorus.

In the solo accompaniments perhaps, the playing might advantageously have been restricted to the front desks, but not so much on account of the volume of tone as for its certainty, but even in this respect, the performance of an orchestra composed of the accidental material available in a city like Toronto did not excel the one under consideration. Of course the Messiah accompaniments are comparatively easy, but it is in this school that the orchestra has to be trained for more difficult work. Of course slips were to be noticed, obviously one of the clarinet in He Shall Feed, where the gentleman made several efforts to get his work in and finally did "git thar" all right. Well, we may charitably suppose that he thought better too late than not at all, so better too early than too late. The chorus was fully up to what we fondly used to call Philharmonic tone, and in its singing it had a rare swing and energy. I have heard the Messiah sung in Chicago and in Buffalo, by choruses larger in pretension than that of the Philharmonic Society, and under conductors who have a world-wide reputation, and I have not heard this performance surpassed in either place. The basses especially were good, while their brethren on the other side of the house were hardly behind them. The trebles were splendid in clearness and pitch, but the altos were the weak spot. The correctness of the chorus was another strong feature. Mr. Torrington's tendency to rush things was shown in several choruses, notably in For Unto Us and the Hallelujah, in which cases, however, no harm was done to the choral structure, but in the Amen chorus the speed at which it was sung was destructive, and this fine chorus was blurred.

The soloists were hardly of the calibre, consistent with the excellence of the chorus, though Miss Lizzie Webb Cary has a fine voice, combining volume and sweetness in a new degree. Mr. Earls announced that she was suffering from a cold, and that may account for a very weak performance of I Know that My Redeemer Liveth, but it struck me that she hardly grasped the grandeur of the noble air. Her Rejoice Greatly also was lacking in the strength of delivery which comes from a consciousness of the tidings conveyed in the words and music. In a word, Miss Cary seemed to me to lack the dramatic conception rather than the physical ability necessary to sing her part as it should be sung. Mr. Jamieson, also from New York, commenced well, and gave a fine rendering of Every Valley, but he also weakened in effort before his evening was over. His Thou Shalt Dash Them was not equal to his previous effects in dignity and force, and in Thy Rebuke he suffered himself to drag the tempo to an unpleasant extent.

Miss Katie Ryan's voice hardly has the weight for the alto solos of the Messiah, but after she had got over her first nervousness she improved visibly. Miss Hillary sang the first part of He Shall Feed His Flock very well, and imparted a tender feeling to her small contribution to the evening's enjoyment. The bass parts were in good hands, and both Mr. Schuch and Mr. Blight sturdily upheld the reputation of Toronto's basses. Mr. Warrington seemed to lose himself once in his solo, but otherwise sang well. A notice of a Philharmonic concert without mention of Mr. Torrington would be Hamlet without Hamlet, and to the watchful care and magnetic direction of this musical Nestor the success of the evening is due. His right-hand man literally, Mr. John Bayley, also contributed by his unwavering attack and certainty to make this success possible.

The Canadian Society of Musicians has held its annual convention, with some very good and thoughtful essays, and with a good deal of desultory talk. At one time it looked as if there would be a pitched battle between the solfaists and the staff notationists, but fortunately the time was spent before the hosts flung themselves upon each other.

The other important question which was fought out was the qualification for membership. That is now open, as before, to those who have taught music for at least one year. Being started as an association of music teachers this is, no doubt, correct; but being now an association of musicians, those who have taught music only one year can hardly lay claim to the higher distinction; and just herein lies the anomaly which will have to be corrected at the next meeting.

In a desert of dreary organ music at the Society's Service of Praise, the oases were the singing of Miss Strass, Miss Robinson and Mr. Schuch, and the playing of Mr. Arthur Dorey, who has since his arrival in Toronto, a month ago, already given up his charge at St. Peter's and gone to St. Luke's. I venture to predict that it will not be long before he will have still further promotion offered him. Keep your eye on him, because he is one of the cleverest organists in Toronto. METRONOME.



If you will pardon me for saying so, Monbars is false in sentiment. It owes its development to the action of a man whose character is presented to us as little short of the sublime, who is capable of great deeds and heroic actions, whose nature is endowed with that nobility of soul which finds its vent in compassion, consideration and a heroism that approaches the divine. Here is a man, one would think, incapable of a mean deed, a royal, whole-souled fellow, with noble aims and generous impulses, faithful, sincere, tender, true. After his marriage his wife repulses him, and he finds she merely married him to save her father from ruin, while her heart is possessed by a former lover. Mark, now, what this great man does. Sublime in all else, he gives way here to the meanest of human passions—jealousy. He is not jealous of her, but of her old sweetheart. He puts her from him considerably, loving her still, we are given to understand, with all the mighty passion of his mighty soul, but vows death to the man who had won her heart. Presently a scheming friend puts in his hand a sealed letter which she had written her old lover, intimating that all must be over between them. Monbars, a man of noble soul, loving his wife still, and holding her pure, although her love is given to another, should have torn the letter in fragments and turned with indignant scorn upon the traducer. But this heroic fellow, it seems, has only room in his great heart for a mean, petty, contemptible, jealous love, a love so weak and inefficient that it descends to doubts, so he opens the letter, reads it, sees in it confirmation of his jealous fears, accuses his wife of faithlessness and demands her lover's name. She doesn't tell him, of course, and so the drama develops until his wife discovers that it is her husband she loves after all, and the curtain falls upon these two nestling in one another's arms, looking forward bravely and hopefully to a future golden with romance and sanctified by all the suffering that has gone before.

The mistake here is based apparently on the old saying that there can be no love without jealousy. This is so old a proverb that it has come to be accepted as a truism, and yet real love, and especially the love of a man whose soul is strung in accord with the elemental forces of nature—those gigantic forces which inspire men to deeds of daring and heroism and send them down the headlong path to glory and to death—is unselfish. A man who truly loves a woman will make any sacrifice for her. He will not covet her, but desire that she shall consult her own happiness. He will not stoop to pry into her secrets. He will not be guilty of the contemptible meanness coincident with the action of breaking the seal of a letter written by her, whose contents should be sacred to the writer and the one to whom the letter is sent. Jealous husbands and jealous wives have either mistaken a shallow sentiment for love or are green-eyed because they are themselves violating the marriage compact. Sinful, they see sin in each other. Pure men and pure women are usually so true to the marriage relation that the dark shadow of jealousy is never perceived. Yet here is a man with a sweet, pure spirit and an organization richly endowed with that nobility which makes men great, who deliberately stoops to the meanest and most contemptible of actions, and even goes out of his way to presume guilty the woman whom his heart, his sympathy, his understanding had told him was pure and sweet-souled and true enough to bear his name and share his life. The jealousy of Monbars is not consistent with the character given him by the dramatist, because it leads him to do that which is out of tune with his greatness of heart and mind.

If you remember that exquisite little dramatic gem, In Honor Bound, which the Rosina Vokes company have played here over and over again, you will remember where the husband—I forget his name, Courtenay Thorpe played the part—is put to a more cruel test than is Monbars. The blow comes to him after years and years of married life. It comes to him as a deadly certainty, not as an intangible suspicion. But he loves his wife. He has given her his name and has sufficient faith in her to know that while she may still cherish in heart a fancy for the lover of her youth, she is too pure and good and true a woman to forget her marriage vows. And so he quietly lights the crinoline letter at a candle and watches the devouring flames consume it. Here is a touch of nobleness of nature for you that nothing in Monbars at all approaches. He does not rave and fume and fret and worry about it. It is the dignified, courteous action of one who has faith and trust and a love so great and pure for the woman by his side that he cannot bring himself to read that which might degrade or lower her in his eyes. Nay, further, when she, stirred in every depth of her being by the graciousness of his deed, throws herself upon his breast and would confess her fault, he will not let her speak, but shows her that his great love understands and forgives without her humiliation. Some such noble generosity as this would have been a more logical proceeding on the part of such a one as Monbars, who was evidently intended by the dramatist to be an ideal man. When he permits himself to be tossed about like a child's plaything by the most ignoble of all human passions, he falls from the pedestal D'Ennery has placed him on and becomes a shattered idol.

For all this Monbars is a great play. Without the jealousy incidental to the story it could not be told, and we may bring ourselves to forgive this man his one meanness when he has

so many qualities we cannot help admiring. In the hands of so accomplished and so handsome an actor as Mr. Mantell, the leonine Frenchman D'Ennery has drawn becomes a living, breathing being, whose fate we follow with absorbing interest. When the ultra-climax of the play is reached in the fourth act, you sink back in the seat with a sigh of relief and discover that you have forgotten that this prosaic nineteenth century claims you for its own, that the days of romance and true love and manly chivalry for the weaker sex have gone forever and that you are sitting quietly and complacently in a theater, watching an accomplished actor's simulation of the varied emotions of mankind. Mantell is the best delineator of romantic roles we have on the stage to day. His magnificent presence, his mobile face, his wonderful voice, his masterly gesticulation are unique and unapproachable. I know of no one who can so easily sway an audience, who can compel from the promiscuous crowd before him the unconscious tributes of forgetting the actor in the man, and of silence, deep, awed and teeming with the excess of emotionality of the soul-stirred listeners.

"I always prefer to see star actresses," said a shrewd and observant lady of my acquaintance one evening.

"And why?" I asked.

"Because they generally have a good leading man. But your average actor is generally sufficient unto himself. He is indifferent about his company, and especially his leading lady. A woman, on the other hand, like a good people around her, and so the performance is generally much more enjoyable."

There is truth in this, but it is not applicable in the case of Mantell. He has surrounded himself with an excellent company. Miss Charlotte Behrens has a graceful presence, a flexible voice and a rather pretty face, but she militates against her natural advantages by her pronounced staginess in speech and action. The Laurent of Mark Price is a cameo of artistic villainy, and as Madame Laurent, Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff acts with an ease and naturalness which makes her work most enjoyable. Mr. Kendall Weston's Louis de Meran is distinguished by the easy, careless, graceful nonchalance of a telegraph pole, and his voice is as sympathetic in tone and as sweet to listen to as a Salvation army band.

At the Toronto Opera House all week Bartley Campbell's well worn White Slave has been running to good business. It is one of the best of the numerous plays written by the gifted but unfortunate American journalist who died in a madhouse while yet in the very prime of his life. It is easy to see that Campbell drew his inspiration from Harriet Beecher's Stowe's immortal work, but he has brightened the gloom of the picture with flashes of light humor, which serves to make it more attractive to the average spectator. The company presenting it, under the management of Mr. Harry Kennedy, may not be the worst company in the world, but it is near it, very near it. Miss Jennie Karsner, as Liza the White Slave, and Frank Drew, as P. H. Stitch, are about the only members of it whose work reveals any particular ability. On the whole if there is any one you have a grudge against, a good way to get square is to induce the enemy to take the White Slave in.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Fanny Kemble, the once renowned actress, has just celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday.

At the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, The Yeoman of the Guard is announced to be sung in German.

The impending marriage of Lawrence Barrett's daughter to Mary Anderson's brother at Boston has created quite a social flurry in fashionable Hub circles.

W. J. Scanlan is reported to have made a hit in his new play, Miles Aroon, by Jessop and Townsend, which was produced in Philadelphia on Monday. All of Mr. Scanlan's new songs are said to have met with popular favor.

J. H. Sinclair has been appointed to the post of dramatic censor of the Buffalo Express. He removed from this city to take the position. He is an old Hamilton boy and the son of Judge Sinclair of that city. He is a bright satirical writer, a hard worker and a thoroughly companionable good fellow.

Patience Markley's Burlesquers, after their manager and treasurer had "skipped," played at Tananqua, Pa., on the commonwealth plan, to secure enough money to take them home. The receipts gave them \$2 each; all except one burlesquer left the city. That lady is now sensibly at work in a local knitting mill.

Toronto correspondence New York Mirror: "SATURDAY NIGHT, one of our society papers, calls weekly from the Mirror, but duly gives it credit. (While we appreciate the honesty and courtesy of SATURDAY NIGHT, we do not expect less from a city like Toronto, famous for its athletes, educational institutions and first-class newspaper men, of whom its present Mayor, Edward F. Clarke, is a shining example. —En. Mirror.)"

The theatrical profession is remarkably rich in such shining characters as that of Kate Claxton—a fond wife and devoted mother. Her home life is utterly unlike the existence set down for the actress by the ignorant. If an old pill didn't ask me once if "actresses ever kept house," may I have to eat this week's paper. "Keep house, you benighted ignoramus!" cried I. "Yes; and the purest, sweetest, best-looking, best-kept homes are those of the player people." Kate Claxton has a daughter apparently a few years older than herself, and two beloved boys, the image of the much-worshipped husband.—The Giddy Gusher.

Mr. A. R. Cazauran's legion of friends gave him a testimonial matinee at the Madison Square Thursday. Mr. Cazauran is a clever and well known New York dramatist and journalist who has been seriously ill for a number of weeks, and there is scarcely a leading member of the profession who did not help to make this evidence of respect and sympathy a very substantial tribute to the stricken playwright. The companies from Daly's, Palmer's and the Madison Square, including Mrs. Potter and other notables, assisted. Mr. Ed. Cazauran is a brother-in-law of E. A. Levan of this city, who is the Mirror's Toronto correspondent.

General William H. Lytle.

In a recent discussion as to the time at which General William H. Lytle, who was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, composed his beautiful poem, The Death of Antony, the following touching anecdote has been unearthed. It appeared in the Richmond Enquirer shortly after the battle: "Gen. Lytle was killed far in advance of his command, while gallantly leading an assault into our lines. His horse bore his corpse into our lines, and the steed and its dead rider were both captured. As soon as it was known that the author of that rare poem, as familiar south as north, I am dying, Egypt, dying, lay dead in camp, officers and men crowded around to take a last look at the face of the poet-soldier, who had achieved so great a literary triumph. There was no rejoicing over the death of this fallen enemy, but there was, in truth, something on each soldier's cheek that for the moment washed away the stains of powder. Tenderly they took him up, and when the battle was over an escort of honor, appointed from among the leading Confederate officers, bore him back to his own camp under a flag of truce on a rudely constructed funeral bier, with his martial cloak around him. In life he had touched that chord of human sympathy which makes all the world kin, and in death its harmonious vibrations silenced all resentments, and thrilled the hearts of friends and foes with a nobler passion than hatred or revenge."

THE DEATH OF ANTONY.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—Shakespeare.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbes the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear!
Harken to the great heart secrets
Thou and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman!
Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him—
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
See her, say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light my path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell.
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome!—Farewell!

In Sight o' Land.

Above the restful summer seas
The skies are clear, the winds are bland;
And the ship rides on full merrily,
In sight o' land.

Glad songs of home float on the air
From those upon the deck who stand;
And eyes grow dim and wistful there—
In sight o' land.

An hour—and friend with friend will meet,
Lip-cup to lip, and hand clasp hand;
Oh, how the heart throbs sorely sweet
In sight o' land.

But he! 'twill wait the radiant heavens—
(Alas for hopes by mortal planned)
The thick clouds of storm are driven,
In sight o' land.

Cursed by confusion dark, as though
God had awhile resigned command,
The furious waves crash to and fro,
In sight o' land.

And that proud ship, which oft had crossed
The changeful sea from strand to strand,
With every soul on board, is lost
In sight o' land.

The morning comes, with joyant breath—
But cold and silent on the sand
Lie some who saw the face of death
In sight o' land.

The Baroness.

Miss Maud would marry a title,
So she went far over the sea;
While there she married a baron,
And a baron indeed was he.

For baron he was of money,
And of land most barren was he;
His title, too, it was barren—
But spelt with a double e.

Oh! marry for love, young maidens,
And not for a long pedigree,
The foreign noble has nothing,
Which he holds in communion with thee.

Then think of Maud and her title—
Far better a spinster to be,
Than marry and often be sighing
For the dear old home 'cross the sea.

The Deadly Parallel.

"I can't see why there should be such a craze for Russian literature," remarked Hanover Squer; "why should people want to know so much about a country that nobody would care to live in?"

"Ah, my boy, you forget," returned Barker Carper, "that Dante's Inferno is as popular as you can buy paper copies for twenty cents!"

Rent Arranged Accordingly.

Family Man—What is the rent of this house?
Renting Agent—What salary are you getting a month?
Family Man—One hundred and ten dollars.
Renting Agent—Well, that will be the rent.



It is generally presumed that we like to hear about great people. The Empress of Russia is suffering very seriously from the nervous shock occasioned by the late attempt made upon her husband's life and her own. As Princess Dagmar, she was very nervous and delicate, and to a very extraordinary degree excitable; and since her marriage, not only the repeated attempts made on her father-in-law's life—in three of which her husband and herself might have perished—but above all, the climate of Russia and the mode of living there have gone far to make what was at first only a weakness, a confirmed and chronic disorder. Russian women are indeed notoriously the most nervous women in the world—that is, women of the upper classes, for those belonging to the peasantry particularly are hardy—and this arises principally from the overheated rooms. Russian ladies always complain that they never get warm out of Russia! Then we must not forget the quantity of tea (albeit weak as water) they drink, the cigarettes they smoke, and the sweets they constantly devour. The Empress has been subjected to all these influences, save the cigarette smoking, and the result has been most harmful.

There are many curious facts connected with some of the leading families of Russia not generally known. Catherine I., second wife of Peter the Great, was the daughter of a poor Livonian peasant. She was the maid of all work, first of all, in the family of a Lutheran pastor named Gluck; then she married a private soldier in a Swedish dragoon regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Russians at Marienburg; then the clever young woman became the mistress of General Bauer, who passed her on to Marshal Count Tcheremeteff, who resigned her to Peter the Great, who married her. When she had become Empress, Catherine endeavored to discover what had become of her family, being anxious to be of service to them. It was a very difficult task, but she eventually had them traced out and found her two brothers and two sisters. The brothers—common peasants, of course—were ennobled by the great Catherine and received the title of Counts Scarowski. Their descendants are now all dead, the two last being the late Princess Peter Bagration and the late Countess Paul de Pahlen. One of Catherine's sisters had married a common soldier named Jeff mow; he was ennobled and called Jefimowski. The other had married a common farm laborer named Simon Henry (no relation to our own and only Simon Henry); he was ennobled and called Hendrikoff! Descendants of these lucky peasants are, even now, to be met with in the best St. Petersburg salons.

Three of the wealthiest, most powerful and famous Russian families sprang from very humble origin, the Orloffs, the Narischkins and the Stroganoffs. When the Strelitzs were beheaded, Peter the Great indulged himself in the luxury of attending the executions in person. One of the condemned about to suffer death was a mere lad of eighteen nicknamed "Orell"—the eagle—and when his turn came to walk up to the block he did so with the greatest unconcern, carelessly kicking aside the head of one of his fellow sufferers and friends, and exclaiming coolly, "You really must make room, old fellow!" Peter was so taken by the lad's courage and coolness that he pardoned him and put him into the army. From this man sprang the noble and powerful family of Orloff.

Of the hundreds of eminent men who died during the past year, the following may be mentioned: The Emperors William I. and Frederick; Sir John Henry Brand, President of the Orange Free State; Matthew Arnold; Prof. Bonamy Price; Marshal Lebeuf; Emil de Maupas; Prof. Leone Levi; Roscoe Conkling; Lester Wallack; Cardinal Martinelli; A. Bronson Alcott; George Routledge; Gen. Phil. Sheridan; the Earl of Lucan; Chief Justice Waite; Philip H. Gosse; Admiral Hewett; Count Luigi Carli; Duke Maximilian of Bavaria; Sir Henry Maine; Louis Marnet; Henry Herz; M. Charles Duclerc; and Prof. Asa Gray. Among the names of women we find: Mrs. Proctor, Louisa M. Alcott, and Mrs. Mary Howitt. The death roll is a long one, but the world goes on as before.

The first bank forger, Richard William Vaughan, was the brother of a Stafford lawyer, and became clerk to a solicitor in London. He wished to marry his master's daughter, and promised to produce a sum of £1,000, which he said his mother would present to him, half of it to be settled on his wife. On these terms the father consented to the marriage, and Vaughan obtained a month's leave of absence. He occupied this period in obtaining engraved impressions in imitation of £20 Bank of England notes, which was not such a difficult matter then, such things as forged notes being unknown. With fifty of these sham notes he presented himself at the appointed time, and his fiancée accepted her share in perfect good faith, and the marriage preparations were proceeded with. Unfortunately, he wanted ready money, and put two of his own forged notes into circulation. They were challenged, and he became alarmed, and tried to get back the notes he had given to the young lady. But she refused to yield them up, suspecting nothing of their true nature, and when Vaughan was arrested the next day she would hardly believe even then that she had been deceived. The forger was tried at the Old Bailey on the 7th April, 1758, spending what was to have been his wedding day in the condemned cell. Four days later he was hanged at Tyburn. Since forgery has become more common, the offence is more lightly treated.

The Duke of Edinburgh will, some day, in the ordinary course of events, succeed his uncle,

Ernest II., as Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Juliers, Cleves, Berg, Egern and Westphalia; landgrave of Thuringia, margrave of Meissen, princely count of Henneberg, and much more. Bearing this in mind, his Royal Highness will, it is said, quit the Royal Navy next year, and take up his residence in Coburg, in order that he may become better acquainted than heretofore with his future subjects. I venture to hope that he will do nothing of the sort. In England he is a popular prince, and an admirable naval officer. In Germany he would, as a foreigner, be unpopular, if not positively disliked. Nor will he be obliged, against his will, to assume the crown of Coburg upon the death of his uncle. Germany is prepared to purchase all his rights; the Queen is believed to be anxious that her son should thus dispose of them; and if the Duke of Edinburgh were to succeed to the throne of Coburg, his career as a naval officer, even in Germany, would come to an end. He, a British admiral, could never consent to serve any country at sea, save as an admiral. It would be impossible for him to sink his rank and become the underling of his very capable nephew, Prince Henry of Prussia, the future Admiral-in-Chief of the German fleet.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.)

Barytone (Barrie).—You can scarcely imagine the methods adopted by various singers for clearing and strengthening the voice. Some are abstainers, some drink stout, some try egg-flip, some take a very little glycerine, some try vaseline. The variety is bewildering and endless. Do not dream of training your voice by book-work. If you cannot get a teacher, give up the notion.

Etiquette (Hamilton). writes: "Is it proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman into the house, after he has brought her home from the theater, or some such place?" It depends on circumstances. As a general thing, the lady does not; if the hour is late, invite her escort into the house. Still there is no cast-iron rule in the matter, and if the lady sees fit, it is sometimes allowable for her to extend the invitation.

Telegrapher (Owen Sound).—The possession of but one arm will not militate against your chances of becoming an expert telegraph operator, provided the desire is backed up by a determination to succeed. Between that and the profession of short-hand, we should advise the choice of the latter, as the chances to make more money are greater, on account of the overcrowded ranks of the telegraphers. As a matter of course it will be necessary to become an expert in either profession in order to command a living salary.

Charlotte (Victoria, B.C.).—I wish to ask your advice on several points of etiquette which I doubt my own ability to fathom: 1. Is it proper for a lady, after returning from a tour or visit, to write to a gentleman first, whom she had met? 2. If a lady is engaged should that prevent her from corresponding with other gentlemen? 3. A lady should not begin a correspondence with a man whom she had met away from home by writing to him in the first instance. 2. When a lady is engaged she should be very careful about corresponding with other gentlemen, and certainly should not enter into any correspondence which would be disagreeable to her betrothed.

A Seeker (St. George).—1. "One step from the sublime to the ridiculous," is a saying usually attributed to Napoleon, but it has been proven that it originated with the noted Thomas Paine, in a work written by him before Napoleon's time. He says, "the sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again. 2. "Good-by" is a contraction of the words "God be with you," as has been proven by evidence contained in books printed at a very early age in the world's history.

P. G. S. (Whitby).—The primary colors, from which all others are derived are red, blue and yellow. When all these are mixed in equal proportion and strength, black is the result; but upon mixing any two of them, what is called a secondary color is produced. Red and blue make violet; red and yellow, orange; blue and yellow, green. The contrasting color of any primary is the secondary of the other two. Thus, red is contrasted by green; blue is contrasted by orange, and yellow is contrasted by violet. The union of any primary color with its opposite secondary, as red with green, destroys both, and dark gray or black results.

"The Day Will Come."

Miss Braddon's latest novel, superbly illustrated by English artists, will begin in SATURDAY NIGHT January 12. This is the Canadian copyright edition and publishers are warned against infringements.

When the Driver Awoke.

A practical joke was played the other day which was worthy of Theodore Hook in his happiest days. A gentleman who has something of a reputation as a wag, was the writer's companion, and we were passing a large shop. There, drawn up, were three or four vehicles, and among them was a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the shop. Without a word the wag stole quickly up, and opening the carriage door carefully slammed it to. In a moment the coachman straightened up, and gazed down the street at the electric light which was fixed there as if he had never seen anything so interesting in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder, and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently talking to some one inside the carriage. "Thank you; yes; good-day," said the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the driver and say one word, "Home!" "Yes, sir! I get up!" and off went the brougham home. Where that home was, who the mistress of the carriage was, or what she did when she came out of the shop, or what the coachman did when he stopped at the door of home and found the carriage empty, all that only the coachman and lady know.

Mrs. Gabb (reading)—Wakefield has a millionaire who sleeps in the barn with his horse. Mr. Gabb (brutally)—Well, horses don't talk.

What to Wear at Fancy Dress Balls.

Specially written for Saturday Night.

Among Toronto's young womanhood, as among the young womanhood of other cities in both the new world and the old, what to wear at a fancy dress ball is at times a perplexing and an absorbing question. That it is a perplexing question wherever it is discussed does not arise from the paucity of costumes. Nor is it a perplexing question in Toronto from the lack of taste and ingenuity manifested by our society belles. The difficulty usually experienced is to make a choice suitable to the figure and the complexion of the wearer. Having made a choice, that the costume shall, if possible, be uncommon, should not be of so much moment as that it should have a pleasing and artistic effect. That it shall be striking and noticeable is, we take it, not so much the desire as that it shall become the wearer, and be distinctive and in some measure original. Harmony of effect, not glaring discord, should be the object aimed at.

The student of woman's attire has, at any time, a large and interesting study. At a masquerade, carnival, or fancy dress ball, his field of observation and reflection grows enormously. As a rule, the young and fair womanhood of Toronto know how to dress; and it must be said that the present fashions materially aid them in setting off face and figure to good advantage. Historical subjects are those largely drawn upon at fancy dress balls. National costumes, perhaps, come next. After which, the vogue usually is some fancy dress representing the seasons, or taken from the characters in a play, a novel, or the opera, or the thousand and one subjects drawn from nature, such as Night and Morning, a bird, a flower, or an insect, with the adjuncts of the supernatural, such as a ghost, a witch or a goblin. At a calico ball great variety as a rule is allowable, though, as the dress-material should be the simple striped cottons, rather than satins and velvets, the characters represented should be of the peasant order, including shepherdesses, flower girls, charity maidens, and subjects in the pretty Dolly Varden and Kate Greenaway costumes.

Historical dresses usually present the most difficulty, as is evidenced by the many lamentably incorrect representations and the glaring incongruities of dress and make-up to be seen when such are attempted. On these occasions it is so easy to make a slip, and to introduce gloves, high-heeled shoes, wigs and powder, or the mode of wearing the hair, in defiance of the usage that appertains to the costume and the period represented. To introduce hair powder and face-patches in the Elizabethan era would be clearly an anachronism, as would be the wearing of high-heeled shoes at the time of the Plantagenets. Similar historical inconsistencies occur in the manner of the head dress and the mode of wearing the hair. The bang or the plait in a classic costume would be as absurd as would be the Greek knot in the coiffure of a Turkish woman or a Normandy peasant. Equally inconsistent would be a Poudre costume, as we lately saw it in Toronto, in character-representations of the time of the Tudors. There should also be some degree of fitness in assuming a costume in keeping with the years of the bearer. This is a delicate matter and perhaps quite unnecessary to refer to, for few who ought to pass as elderly ladies will violate the proprieties by assuming characters too youthful for their years. Yet we have seen some matrons who would well become a dowager costume of the Gainsborough or Sir Joshua Reynolds type, look nervous and ill at ease as Rowena, Anne Boleyn, or Elizabeth of York. Where elderly dames have ventured to assume such youthful representations as Titania, Aurora, Jeanne d'Arc, Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, or to figure among the major or minor deities who preside over rivers, springs, wells and fountains as Naiades or Nereides, the incongruity is the greater, however flattering the make-up may be to their vanity.

Pretty much the same mistakes are made in assuming national costumes at variance with the complexion. The character of a Cleopatra or a Connaught peasant-girl would not suit a blonde; nor would the representation of Marguerite in Faust, or of a Scandinavian lady of rank, harmonize with a brunette. Historical truth is also often disregarded in the case of national and character dances, though allowance has to be made for want of familiarity with terpsichorean measures, often full of grace, which modern society has suffered to fall out of fashion. A Morris dance, or even Sir Roger de Coverley, is hardly the dance for a courtly dame of the sixteenth century; while a shepherdess or a vivandiere would outrage the proprieties in the court minuet or the stately pavane. Of course, if you want mere fun you may mix characters and classes as you please, and have an *old podrida* dance without regard to historic fitness or national propriety. In that case, you can have your quadrille of Old Nations, without regard to time or place—a Watteau costume might hob-nob with Irish frieze, and the Highland kilt be *vis-a-vis* with a Louis Quinze or Tudor dress. In such a license the dances themselves would be very likely to share; the cotillion would be apt to merge itself in the Staffordshire jig and a country dance blend with the stately figures of the court minuet. The result, we fear, however, would be social chaos and the dethronement of propriety and art.

CERMER MADA.

The writer is indebted to Mr. Ardern Holt's interesting volume, *Fancy Dresses Described*, for the following suggestions of costumes suited for fancy dress representation. Among the costumes adapted to brunettes are: Africa, Asia, Autumn, an Arab Lady, the Bride of Abydos, Britannia, Colleen Bawn, Diana, Druidess, Earth, Erin, Egyptian, a Greek Lady, a Gypsy, an Indian Girl, Harvest, Maritana, the Maid of Saragossa, Rose of Castille, a Zingari, with Italian, Spanish and Oriental dresses.

For Blondes: Air, Arctic Maiden, Aurora, Bride of Lammermoor, White Lady of Avenel, Canada, Danish Peasant, Day, Dew, Elaine, Fair Maid of Perth, Fairy, Flora, Moonlight, Marguerite, Norwegian Peasant, Ophelia, Peace, Polish Peasant, Rainbow, Swiss Girl, Twilight, Water Nymph.

The Professor at the Breakfast Table.



Professor (somewhat angrily)—Where's the bill of fare? Landlady—The bill for your fare, Professor, is under your plate. You will observe it is not received.—*Scriveners.*

Historical subjects: Queen Anne, Catherine of Arragon, Catherine Howard, Catherine de Medici, Queen Elizabeth, Marguerite de Valois, Marie Antoinette, Marie Stuart, the Queen's Maids, Philippa of Hainault and a lady of any of the following periods—Charles I., James II., Louis XIII., XIV., XV. and XVI.

For elderly ladies: Mrs. Balchristie, Griselda Oldbuck, Dowager of Brionne, Grandmother, Quakeress, Mrs. Primrose, wife of Vicar of Wakefield, Peacock, the Duchess of Orleans, Mother Hubbard, Mother Shipton, a Sorceress, a Gallician Matron, Night, Puritan, a Lady of the Olden Time, or a Vandyke costume.

For sisters who wish to appear in costumes which assimilate: Apple and Pear Blossoms, Sovereign and Shilling, Cinderella's two sisters, Cordelia's sisters, Salt and Fresh Water, the Roses of York and Lancaster, a Circassian Princess and Slave, Music and Painting, Aurora and the Hours, Oranges and Lemons and four sisters as the Seasons.

For calico balls: Fille de Madame Angot, Bo-peep, Mother Hubbard, Five O'clock Tea, Flower Girl, Fish Wife, Polly-put-the-kettle-on, My Pretty Maid, Shepherdess, Powder and Watteau costumes, Alphabet, Scott's and Shakespeare's heroines, Buy-a-broom, Queen of Butterflies, Chess, Cinderella, Columbine, Coming Thro' the Rye, Dresden China, Dominos, Harvest, Incroyable, Magpie, Olivia and Sophia Primrose, Rainbow, One of the Rising Generation.

Fakes About Sneezing.

When the King of Seunaar sneezed his courtiers immediately turned their backs on him and gave a loud slap on their right thigh. It is probable that the custom of saluting after sneezing, which is still prevalent in some countries, originated in some ancient superstition.

It is attributed by some to Pope Gregory, who is said to have instituted a short benediction to be used on such occasions, at a time when, during pestilence, the crisis was attended by sneezing and in most cases followed by death. The custom existed long prior to Pope Gregory. The lover in Apollonius, Gyton in Petronius, and allusions to it in Pliny prove its antiquity; a memoir of the French Academy notices the practice in the New World on the first discovery of America. Everywhere man was saluted for sneezing.

The Rabbins, who have a story for everything, say that before Jacob men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died. They assure us that Patriarch was the first who died a natural death, before him all men died by sneezing; the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in all nations by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing.

When the King of Menomotapa sneezed those near his person, when this happened,

saluted him in so loud a tone that persons in the ante-chamber heard it, and joined in the acclamation in the adjoining apartment. They did the same till the noise reached the street, and became propagated throughout the city; so that at each sneeze of His Majesty a most horrible cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals resulted.

With the ancients sneezing was ominous; from the right it was considered auspicious; and Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, says that before a naval battle it was a sign of conquest. Catullus, in his pleasing poem of Acme and Septimius, makes this action of the deity of Love from the left the source of his fiction. The passage has been verified by a poetical friend, who finds authority that the gods sneezing on the right in heaven is supposed to come to us on earth on the left.

Things a Baby Can Do.

What a baby can do is explained by Five Talents of Women, a new work just published: A baby can beat any alarm clock ever invented waking a family up in the morning. Give it a chance and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that was ever executed.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without once varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is away at business and cry persistently at night when it is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made, make sweeter music than the finest orchestra ever organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they knew they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

A Point in Law.

Justice—You say that your sister was bitten by the horse and you want damages? Plaintiff—Yes, sir; I have witnesses to prove that the horse bit her.

Defendant—I can explain, Judge. The woman is a grass widow. The horse is not to blame.

Bohemian—What was the matter with my poem that you returned? Editor—Nothing, only guano and piano didn't rhyme in our type; nor do dishes and delicious.

Personal Mention.



Countryman (at news-stand in uptown hotel)—Wot papers hev ye got, Mister? Newsdealer—Any paper you like, sir. Countryman—Gimme a *Yaxoo Eagle*. I want to see wot they say 'bout my trip to York.

WITCH HAZEL; Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELTON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Broun's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

In spite of all Lord Nelson's efforts to keep the affair from gaining publicity, several accounts of it got into the newspapers, together with a description of the contested necklace, and also of the beautiful girl who had been accused of having stolen it, and when the hour set for continuing the case arrived, the court-room was filled to overflowing with curious and eager spectators, who were anxious to learn how the mysterious affair would be decided.

To the dismay of Hazel's counsel and friends, Percy's evidence did not appear to have the weight and influence they had confidently anticipated. Indeed, the opposing counsel did not hesitate to say—even as Hazel had at first feared—that it looked like a poorly trumped-up affair without a shadow of tangible evidence to substantiate it. The deception that they had practiced did not redound to the credit of either, in spite of the fair prisoner's pretty story of self-sacrifice for the sake of the young doctor's reputation. They had no way of proving that any necklace or money had been found upon Miss Gray's person when she had been saved from that sinking vessel—if indeed there had been any sinking vessel in the first place—save Dr. Morton's word, which, in his opinion, was worth no more than that of Miss Gray. They had both admitted that neither the light-house-keeper's assistant nor his housekeeper had known of those treasures, all knowledge of them having been carefully concealed from them.

Thus he went on, taking up point after point in Percy's evidence, and calmly rebutting it, showing in a logical way that nothing had been really proved in Hazel's favor, after all, and that the case stood exactly where it had done previous to its adjournment.

Percy looked blank, and the duchess and Lord Nelson were almost in despair.

Hazel's counsel made his final plea, and it was an eloquent argument in her defence. The judge then gave his charge, and the jury withdrew to consult upon the verdict.

They were not gone long, though it seemed ages to those anxious hearts who were trembling for Hazel's fate, and the grave expression on their faces, as they filed back to their places, did not serve to reassure them.

But, just at this moment, there was a slight stir in the rear of the room near the door, and a woman entered and made her way with eager steps toward the judge, while an expression of astonishment rested on many a face at her appearance.

"Am I too late to testify upon this case, your honor?" the lady questioned, anxiously addressing the judge.

"You are somewhat late, madam," the judge courteously replied, "but the jury have not yet rendered their verdict, and if you have anything of importance to offer we will listen to it."

"Is the diamond necklace in question here?" the lady asked.

"It is; the counsel for the prosecution has charge of it."

"Will you allow me to examine it?"

"Certainly, madam; and the judge ordered it to be handed to her, while every eye in the room, his own not excepted, was fixed upon her in astonishment and eager curiosity.

The duchess and her party watched her with breathless interest. Hazel sat like a beautiful statue, her face as colorless as the snowy handkerchief in her lap. The Stewarts also appeared strangely agitated by this unexpected interruption. Helena, especially, and becoming scarcely less white than Hazel.

The woman took the necklace from the case, her hands trembling visibly as she did so, and examined each link with the closest attention, while a breathless hush pervaded the courtroom.

Suddenly she gave a slight start, her face lighted, and she turned with an air of assurance to the judge.

"Well, madam, what have you to offer regarding the case?" he asked, observing her earnestly.

She was very pale, even to her lips, but she replied in a tone that could be heard in every part of the room:

"This necklace belongs neither to Mrs. Stewart nor to the young lady known as Miss Gray—it is mine!"

Intense excitement prevailed throughout the room at this startling statement.

Mrs. Stewart started indignantly from her seat, as if about to utter an indignant protest against anything so absurd, but sank back again, speechless, upon second thought.

Helena looked absolutely frightened for a moment, then turned with a smile of scornful incredulity to the prosecuting attorney, to ascertain his opinion of such a preposterous assertion.

His face was inscrutable, but he was watching the woman with the closest attention.

Hazel had given a startled, half-articulate cry, when she heard the confident declaration, and then turned her wide, wondering eyes upon Percy, who looked strangely perplexed and troubled.

"Percy! Percy!" she whispered, with a tremulous eagerness, and clasping her trembling hands about his arm. "Is it likely that what she says is true?"

"It cannot be possible," he muttered, with a frown, "unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless that man on shipboard stole it from some one there and clasped it about his neck; for I took it from you with my own hands."

"No, no, that is not a reasonable solution at all, Percy," Hazel returned, almost hysterically. "Don't you see—don't you see, what it means if it is true? If that necklace is hers, then—she is my mother!"

"Good Heaven, Hazel! I never thought of that!" he returned, astonished. "I had only thought that her claim might get us into deeper trouble."

"Hark!" Hazel said, leaning forward to listen, as the judge, after commanding order, addressed the woman before him.

"You have made a very astonishing declaration, madam," he said, gravely, "but, of course, you understand that it must be proved, and that you must be sworn before it can be received as evidence."

"Your honor, I am ready to be sworn," she quietly replied.

The officer was called, and the oath administered; then she was requested to step into the witness-box, which she did with an air of confidence and composure which impressed every one.

"Now, madam, we are ready for the proof of what you have stated," said the judge, settling himself to listen.

"May I be allowed to ask a single question first?"

"Certainly."

"How was Mrs. Stewart enabled to identify this necklace as hers? Was there any private mark upon it by which she could do so?"

The judge turned to the attorney for the prosecution, indicating that he was to explain.

"No," he replied, with some curtness, "there is no mark upon it, as the witness must have observed for herself, since she has examined it so carefully."

"I have never seen Mrs. Stewart's necklace," he composedly replied to the witness.

"You have it in your hands," retorted the attorney, determined to stick to his point.

"The gentleman is mistaken, your honor," was the polite rejoinder. "I again affirm that this necklace is mine; and, furthermore, that

it is marked in a way that cannot be questioned."

"Your honor, this is all folly; there is no mark upon the trinket; it has been most carefully examined again and again," reiterated the attorney, flushing angrily.

"Let the witness prove to the contrary, if she can," said the judge, authoritatively.

The lady smiled slightly, busied herself a moment with one of the links of the necklace, and then passed it up to the judge.

As he took it he saw that the under portion of the link was attached to the crown by a hinge, and opened with a secret spring concealed beneath one of the stones. On the side next the crown there was a tiny likeness of a little child's face, on the other there was engraved a name and a date.

The countenance of the judge showed plainly that he was convinced of the truth of the witness' claim before he uttered a word, and a silence that was absolutely painful pervaded the room, while every eye was fixed, as if fascinated, upon him—every heart stood still with suspense, waiting for confirmation.

The man arose, holding the contested treasure in his hand, while the light flashed in a thousand gleams of gorgeous hues from the precious stones, as if in triumph over the victory of truth.

"It is marked," he said, in a clear sonorous voice that thrilled every ear and heart. "The proof is absolute, for I read here a name and a date—EMILIE GERARD, June 1st, 1866."

CHAPTER XXXII.

HAZEL IS PRONOUNCED "NOT GUILTY."

For several moments after this announcement, the long suppressed sympathies and emotions of the many listeners gathered about the witness stand, and the room rang with vigorous applause and enthusiastic expressions of sympathy for the fair girl, who had excited so much interest by her beauty and apparent innocence, in spite of the circumstantial evidence which so nearly convicted her, was at last absolved from all suspicion of wrong.

But these vociferous manifestations were soon checked by the authoritative rapping of the judge; and every ear was strained, eager to learn more of the strange story that was to follow in further explanations.

"I cannot believe it," cried Mrs. Stewart, looking very pale and anxious, while her eyes were fixed wistfully upon that scintillating necklace which the judge still held.

"Heavens! it does not seem possible," muttered Helena, who had sunk back in her seat, as if suddenly bereft of all strength and life, when the scathing truth fell upon her ears.

The prosecuting attorney arose, looking as if he, too, were overwhelmed by the unexpected denouement, went to the judge to get the necklace, and then, after a careful examination of both picture and inscription, took it to Mrs. Stewart to convince her that, after all her assertions to the contrary, there had been a duplicate of her costly piece of jewelry.

"Is your name Emilie Gerard?" questioned the judge, again turning to Mrs. Earlescourt, for, of course, she has been recognized before this.

"That was my maiden name," she replied, "and that necklace was a wedding gift from my father. I went with him to select it, as he had told me that I could choose for myself what I liked best. The necklace was in the establishment exactly alike, with this exception—that one had a small locket underneath one of the jeweled links; but it was so skillfully concealed that no one could discover it, or the spring that fastened it, unless the secret was first explained. My father purchased this one, and had it marked with my name and the date of my marriage. Two years later I had the picture of my baby girl inserted in the locket."

Mrs. Earlescourt paused here, as if overcome by some painful remembrance, while Hazel, her head hung low, and her face as colorless as alabaster, involuntarily reached out her arms as if she longed to embrace her, and every individual in the room waited breathlessly for what should follow.

"Three years afterward, in May," pursued Mrs. Earlescourt, "I was obliged to come abroad—my home was with my invalid mother; her physician said that she must have an immediate change of climate, or she could not live three months, and, as there was no one else to come with her, I was forced to leave my family and accompany her. She is present here to-day, and from that time until last evening, when I read the particulars of this case, the trial of which was to be resumed to-day, I believed myself doubly bereft by that wreck. Now I know that my daughter lives!"

She turned her face toward Hazel as she said this, a tremulous smile of infinite tenderness hovering about her beautiful lips. But the excitement was too much for her—her strength failed suddenly and she leaned weakly against the railing of the box for support.

Some one quickly placed a chair for her, gently seated her in it and then held a glass of water to her lips.

But Hazel, after those heart-thrilling words by which her mother claimed her—after eye met eye in one long, wistful, ecstatic glance, dropped her pretty head upon Percy's shoulder and quietly fainted away.

Dr. Morton and Lord Nelson quickly bore her from the courtroom to a small ante-room near by, where they laid her upon a lounge.

The duchess, feeling very anxious, followed to lend her assistance in applying restoratives.

"Poor child!" said Lord Nelson, hanging over her with great solicitude, "the excitement has been too much for her strength. Do you think the attack will prove serious?" turning to Percy.

"I could not bear it if anything should happen to her now."

Percy Morton lifted a white, startled face to the young lord, and the look of serious questioning in his eyes brought a bright flush to Lord Hartwell's cheek as he realized that he had betrayed himself to him.

"No," Percy replied, as he returned back to Hazel, "this is only a momentary prostration after the strain and anxiety that she had been enduring ever since the beginning of this dreadful affair; she is reviving even now, and almost before he had ceased speaking, Hazel opened her eyes and looked eagerly around.

"My mother!" she breathed, looking wistfully into the anxious faces bending over her. Her grace stooped down and kissed her, tears in her lovely old eyes.

"My dear child," she said, tenderly, "your mother will soon be released, and then I know she will come immediately to you."

"How wonderful it all seems! I could almost believe this last hour but a vivid dream," said the young girl, with a faint smile.

"It is, indeed, wonderful," her grace returned, "and you will always have reason to bless this day in spite of its trials."

"This is true," remarked Percy, gravely. "I cannot express how I shrink from the publicity of this affair. I would almost have given my right hand to have saved Hazel from this trial, and I have entertained the most bitter and indignant feelings against Mrs. Stewart because she would not settle the matter and relinquish the prosecution. But now I see that if she had it is doubtful if Hazel would have found her mother. If the case had never come to trial, if the newspapers had not published an account of it, the secret of her parentage might never have been revealed."

"Yes, yes; all things are overruled for good by those who love Him," said her grace, tremulously and fervently.

Meanwhile further explanations were being made in the courtroom.

When Hazel was borne out fainting, Mrs. Earlescourt started up as if eager to follow her; but the counsel for the defense said reassuringly:

"The young lady is only momentarily overcome, and will be properly cared for. Pray be seated for a few minutes longer, then you shall be released."

The lady sank back in her chair and turned her attention again to the judge, who was regarding her with kindly interest.

"Madam," he remarked, with a slight smile, "we have allowed you to tell your story in your own way without much regard for formality. Now, however, it will be necessary for you to answer a few questions. First, what is your present name?"

"Emilie Earlescourt."

"And your husband's?"

"Adrian Earlescourt."

The judge started slightly. He knew the honorable gentleman well, although he had never before met his brilliant and accomplished wife.

"You have stated previously to this that you were married in 1866," he resumed. "That reference was, of course, to a former marriage. Will you state the name of the gentleman to whom you were then united?"

"Alfred Graham, of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, America."

"And your father's name and residence?"

"Gerard Gerard, of the same city."

"The necklace which you have just identified was presented to you by your father upon the occasion of your marriage with Alfred Graham of Chicago?"

"It was."

"Have you the certificate of that marriage?"

"I have," and Mrs. Earlescourt took a folded paper from her reticule as she spoke and passed it to Hazel's counsel, adding: "As I have previously stated, Mrs. Gerard, my mother, is also present, and she can testify to the truth of these statements, if required."

"This is all correct, your honor," Hazel's lawyer said, after examining the certificate, whereupon he gave it to the prosecuting attorney.

"The counsel for the prosecution can now question the witness if he desires to do so," the judge remarked, thus indicating that he had finished.

But that gentleman did not care to do so. He was convinced, at last, that the innocence of the accused had been established, and Mrs. Earlescourt was released from the box.

"Does your honor or the court wish Mrs. Gerard to be called?" Hazel's counsel now asked.

No, the judge did not think any further evidence necessary. He said that Mrs. Earlescourt had proved her property beyond a doubt, and also the innocence of the accused. He furthermore commanded the necklace to be given to her, and Emilie Earlescourt received the long lost treasure which for so many years she had believed to be lying at the bottom of the ocean.

The jury were then instructed to bring in the verdict of "not guilty," and word was at once sent out to Hazel that she was acquitted and released from custody.

Mrs. Stewart was greatly humiliated and distressed. Unkindness on account of her unjustified attack upon Hazel, and distressed about the loss of her own necklace.

"It is the strangest thing in the world what can have become of mine," she said, while talking the matter over with the prosecuting attorney when the court had adjourned. "I am as sure as I can be that there was one such necklace in the world. What can have been the fate of the other?"

"That is a mystery which remains to be solved," the gentleman returned; and just at that moment his glance chanced to fall upon Helena Stewart.

She was sitting like a statue, apparently unmindful of observation, a pale and unattractive face, a very peculiar expression about her beautiful mouth, a look in her eyes that might have been the result of various emotions; to the acute lawyer it seemed like baffled anger or intense hatred.

"She doubtless expected to inherit that valuable necklace sometime, and cannot but regret the thought of losing it," he said to himself.

He continued to watch her furtively, while still conversing with her mother, and noticed that her baneful glance followed Mrs. Earlescourt, who was leaving the room just then, while the muscles about her mouth twitched almost convulsively.

As the door closed after Hazel's mother, she put her hand to her throat, gave vent to a quick, gasping breath, and then sprang to her feet.

"Let us go home, mamma," she said, in a hoarse, constrained tone, and apparently indifferent to the fact that she had rudely interrupted her conversation.

"Indeed, Helena, I am not going home until I have seen Hazel, and told her how sorry I am for this dreadful misunderstanding," Mrs. Stewart replied, in tones of self-reproach.

"Mamma, you shall not!" the girl returned, in a passionate voice, a vivid scarlet mounting to her brow. "You shall never humble yourself to her."

Mrs. Stewart turned with surprise to her.

"But I have not used her well; it has lain heavy on my conscience that I ever let her go away from us."

"It is heavy on my conscience that we ever let her come into this house," Helena retorted, in the same tone as before.

She had seen Hazel when her head fell upon Dr. Morton's shoulders; she had seen how tenderly he had gathered her in his arms, his face growing white with anxiety for her, and the sight had been absolute torture to her.

"Helena, you are losing control of yourself," said her mother, reprovingly. "Your speech and manner are as vindictive as if you actually hated the girl."

"I do!" she whispered, with such angry vehemence, in Mrs. Stewart's ear, that she gave a start of horror and bent a look of anxiety upon her, then, even while she gazed at her, a wonderful transformation took place in her countenance.

The look of hate suddenly died out of her eyes; the tense lines about her mouth relaxed, her haughty, statue-like mien melted into an attitude of gentle grace, and, in a moment, she had again become the beautiful, fascinating belle—all smiles, all sweetness and graciousness.

Percy Morton had returned to the courtroom just then, and was making his way directly toward the two ladies.

Helena stepped forward to meet him, extending her perfectly gloved hand with her most charming smile.

"Your patient must be better, or you would not be here," she said, with a well assumed interest in Hazel; "and I suppose we ought to congratulate you both upon the happy termination of this affair, although we are sad losers by your victory."

"By the gods!" muttered the prosecuting attorney, who had witnessed the whole of this

play, "that girl is a case; she's a deep one, and there is a good deal more about this matter than has been allowed to appear, or I'll lose my guess, as the Yankee says."

"You bet!" whispered a voice in his ear, and turning, the lawyer found himself face to face with the detective whom Mrs. Stewart had employed to search for her missing necklace.

"Bet what?" inquired the astonished counsel for the prosecution.

"Oh, you were showing off your knowledge of Yankee phraseology and I thought I'd go you one better, don't-cher-know?" coolly responded the man, significantly shutting up one eye, and bulging out his cheek with his tongue.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Every word, and between you and me, those are my sentiments exactly. I've been watching this little game pretty closely all along and now then have seen a thing or two I wasn't looking for. You've hit the nail pretty square on the head, but I mean to drive it home!"

The detective had stood just behind the attorney while speaking, and he was not seen by the ladies who were engaged with Dr. Morton; while, as he ceased speaking, he swung abruptly around and walked away leaving the attorney looking a trifle vexed and perplexed over his mysterious insinuations.

(To be Continued.)

Willing to Oblige.



Conductor—I'm afraid, sir, that you'll have to arrange your traps so as to give this lady a seat. The car is crowded.



Accommodating Traveling Man.—Certainly. How will this do, ma'am?—Puck.

Thought They Had 'Em.

A most unique dinner party was recently given to a party of friends by a well known Boston yachtman. The guests consisted of eighteen good men and true and a winter dozen of *bons vivants* never stretched legs under mahogany. The host, aware of the absorbent capabilities of his guests, had arranged that each course should be doubly wet and every man was expected to do his duty. The centerpiece upon the table was of curious construction. It represented a miniature tropical hot house, oval-shaped and about four feet long. A glass covering protected the plants and flowers. The host had a surprise in store for his guests. When the Burgundy came to be served, all hands, seasoned as they were, were more or less affected by the liquid affluence, and when the deep red was poured from a bottle about which was clinched a bronze dragon that snapped its eyes and shot out its tongue when the bottle was tipped, general consternation prevailed. Presently

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the glass cover was taken off the centerpiece and as chained bugs, beetles, lizards and a tame alligator issued forth, wild cries of horrors were uttered by some of the guests, and the less maudlin of the party fairly yelled with delight, and voted the original host a genius of the first—well, not of the first water.

One of His Peculiarities.

At the annual festival of the New England Society of Pennsylvania a number of years ago Mark Twain spoke in a most amusing vein on the Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. After a desperate effort had been made by the long-haired reporters to get down all the funny things that the sleepy-eyed and disheveled humorist was rolling off in his own droll way, without so much as a note to give him courage, Mr. Twain in his usual calm and deliberate manner plunged his hand into the tail pocket of his claw-hammer and produced a wad of paper. The wad proved to be newspaper slips of his speech in full, even to the paragraphs that every man in the room could not have failed to believe were extempore.

Proven to the Contrary.

Elinorah—Wasn't it you'se that wor tellin' me that wine kem in that baskhet? Her Mistress—It was, Elinorah—Then, be th' powers! you'se med a mistake, fr Oi just poured in a couple o' quarts o' milk an' iverly drop laked out.

A Natural Error.

Lady—Biddy, did I hear a man's voice in the kitchen just now? Biddy—No, mum, Oi was alone. Lady—I thought I heard a man's voice. Biddy—No, mum, Oi was talkin' to meself and Oi'm a contralto.

It all Depends.

Teacher—Young ladies, I have been struck in the mouth by a spit ball. Who fired it? Beauty of the class (at 17)—I did, sir. Teacher—Ah! . . . As I . . . was saying, "Cæsar conquered Britain 55 before Christ."

Every Evidence of It.

Miss Guiless (gazing fondly at her father through the dining room door)—Dear me! How sad pa looks! To look at him, Mr. Rounder, you would never suspect him to be full of spirits, would you? Mr. Rounder (critically)—Well, no, not exactly full yet, but he will be very shortly.

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CHERRY MANTELS,

A NEW YEAR'S DITTY.

Go for a sail this mornin'? This way, yer honor, please.
Weather about? Lor' bless you, only a pleasant breeze:
My boat's out there in the harbor, and the man aboard's
my mate;
Jump in, and I'll row you out, sir; that's her, the Crazy
Kate.

We're a sayin' long us sea folk as few on us dies in bed—
 Walk through our little churchyard and read the tale of
 our dead—
 It's mostly the bairns and the women as are restin' under the
 turf,
 For half o' the men sleep yonder under the ruin's roof.
 The night Kate lost her husband was the night o' the fear-
 ful gale—
 She stood on the shore that mornin' and had watched the
 tiny sail
 As it faded away in the distance—bound for the coast o'
 France,
 And the fierce wind bore it swiftly away from her anxious
 glance.
 The boats that had sailed that mornin' with the fleet were
 half a score,
 And now no soul among 'em came back to the English shore.
 That New Year's day was a sad one—the eyes of the
 women red
 With weeping for brothers and husbands or fathers among
 the dead.
 Kate heard it soon as any—the fate of her sister-lad—
 But her eyes were wild and tearless; she went slow and
 surely mad.
 "He isn't drowned," she would murmur; "he will come
 again some day"—
 And her lips shaped the self-same story as the long years
 crept away.
 Spring and summer and autumn—in the fiercest winter
 gale,
 Would Crazy Kate stand watchin' for the glint of a far-off
 sail;
 Stand by the loag together and murmur her husband's
 name—
 For twenty years she watched there for the boat that never
 came.
 She counted the years as nothin'—the shock that had set
 her mad
 Had left her love forever a brave, young, handsome lad;
 She thought one day she should see him, just as he said
 good-bye,
 When he leapt in his boat and vanished where the waters
 touched the sky.

the parson who'd known Kate's husband, as had married 'em in a church, when he seed the dead lad's features he gave quite a sudden lurch, and his face was as white as linen—for a moment it struck him dumb—half expected he'd tell us as the Judgment Day was come. He Judgment Day, when the ocean, they say, 'ull give up its dead; What else meant those unchanged features, though twenty years had sped? That night, with her arms around him, the poor mad woman died, and here in our village churchyard we buried 'em side by side.

'Twas his son by the foreign woman, his image in build and face,
Whose lugger the storm had driven to his father's native place—
'Twas his son who had come like a phantom out of the long ago,
On the spot where Kate had suffered God's hand struck
Ned the blow.

We learnt it all from the parson when Ned came over the waves
In search of the son he worshipped—and he found two fresh-made graves.
Dang!—what was that? Sit steady? Rowed right into you, mate!
I forgot where I was for a moment—I was tellin' the gent about Kate.

ARLIDGE—On December 20, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Churchill Arlidge—a son.

BEAKES—On December 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Frank R. Beakes—a son.

ANDERSON—On December 24, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Anderson—a son.

WORLDIE—On December 21, at St. John's, Que., Mrs. S. Sorley—a daughter.

FUGER—On December 27, at Toronto, Mrs. H. H. Fuger—a daughter.

WATSON—On December 20, at Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Watson—a son, still-born.

ALISON—On December 23, at Toronto, Mrs. M. B. Alison—a son.

PHILPOTT—On December 27, at Toronto, Mrs. F. V. Philpott—a daughter.

SCOTT—On December 25, at Montreal, Mrs. James Scott—a daughter.

WATSON—On November 26, at Mainui, N. W. P., Iridia, Mrs. T. Edward Inglis, formerly of Brandon, Canada—a daughter.

McDONALD—On December 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas McDonald—a daughter.

BRIDGEMAN—On December 3, at London, Eng., Mrs. G. Bridgeman—a daughter.

SHORT—On December 22, at London, Mrs. Reuben Short—a son.

ROBINSON—On December 31, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Robinson—a daughter.

SCOTT—McGREGOR—On December 27, Dr. Scott of Clude, to Belle McGreger of Inwood.

MURRAY—WESTER—At Georgetown, Rev. James Murray, M.A., to Madge Webster of Georgetown.

MACKAY—BETH—On December 27, at Bowmanville, William Mackay to Elizabeth Beth.

GIBB—FITZPATRICK—On December 13, at Portage Prairie, Man., James Thomson Gibb of Prospect, to Ida C. Fitzpatrick.

WILKINSON—WILKINSON—On December 19, at Goderich, J. Burr Ervay of Toronto, to Ida V. Wilkinson.

ROBINSON—OLIVER—On December 26, at Toronto, William Robinson to Olive of Carfax.

GREEN—RICHARDS—On December 22, at San Francisco, California, R. Henry C. Green, Esq., barrister-at-law, Toronto, to Mary Adeline, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir James Richardson, Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Ontario.

COCKBURN—FREEMAN—On October 28, at Northampton, England, Thomas A. Cockburn of Montreal to Emily E. Freeman of England.

HENDERSON—DUNCAN—On December 20, at Derby, Ont., William C. Henderson to Lizzie Duncan.

TURNBULL—PEACOCK—On December 25, at New Edinburgh, Ont., William R. Taylor for Florence Nelson.

TURNBULL—PEACOCK—On December 19, at Chatham, William Turnbull to Jennie D. Peacock.

WILLIAMS—WILLIAMS—On December 19, at Toronto, John N. Neill to Clara Page Blakeley.

GARDINER—DUNTON—On December 26, Frederick Gardiner to Mary Alinda Dunton of Britannia.

PARRY—NODWELL—On December 26, at Alex. G. Parry of Erin to Elizabeth Nodwell of Hillsburg.

SINCLAIR—BLACK—On December 31, at Rockwood, Ontario, Miss Sinclair to Miss Black, of the same Institute, to Donalds Black of Eramosa, Wellington Co.

MARTIN—SPENCE—On January 1, at Toronto, Stephen Martin to Jennie Spence.

WATTS—MATHER—On December 26, at Seymour, Alexander Hume to Jennie Mather.

JAFFRAY—On December 26, at Albion, John Jaffray, aged 67 years.

HENNING—On December 27, at F'rence, Italy, Thomas Henning, aged 96 years.

PATERSON—O^c December 28, at Toronto, Charles Wm. Paterson, aged 20 years.

VANDERPOE—(On December 25, at Hamilton, Mrs. Jane Vanderpoel, aged 90 years.

DRAVER—On December 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Rebekah Draper.

BEATTIE—On December 30, at Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, Simon Beattie.

NORMAN—On December 30, Mrs. Jane Norman, aged 7 years.

MAXWELL—On December 29, Matthew Maxwell, M.D., aged 12 years.

MCWATERS—At Toronto, Robin Higginson McWaters, aged 12 years.

FIELD—On December 29, at Toronto, Robert C. Field.

HARDY—On December 25, at Winnipeg, Walter Cavenish Hardy, Toronto, aged 40 years.

JORDAN—On December 29, at Toronto, William Jordan, aged 81 years.

MILNE—On December 25, at Montreal, John A. Milne, aged 25 years.

MINSHALL—On November 6, at St. Thomas, Milne, Elizabeth Minshall, aged 15 years.

BILIZARD—On December 29, at London, Ont., David Bilizard, aged 57 years.

SEAGER—On December 29, Alfred William Seager, aged 3 years.

HILL—On December 30, at Toronto, Arthur Bill Hill, aged 2 years.

REYNOLDS—On December 30, at Toronto, James W. Reynolds, post office department, aged 56 years.

CURTIS—On Decem^r 26, at Chicago, William H. Curtis, aged 70 years.

HALDANE—On December 28, at Montreal, James Haldane, aged 84 years.

SMITH—On December 28, at Billings' Bridge, Gloucestershire, Hunter Smith.

BROWN—On December 28, at Montreal, Thomas Storrow Brown, aged 36 years.

McKEELOW—On December 27, at Montreal, Andrew McKeeLow, aged years.

MCGINN—On December 31, at Toronto, James McGuinn, aged 6 months.

The distinguished difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dresses lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes that a man of taste dons in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago would have been surprised that a man should wear the most expensive clothes, the same in quality and compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Toronto society. There must be added, style; and herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows the crowd in prearranged novelties. The man of taste will go home at night in his slippers, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to slacks. He will put on this season's pantaloons

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Personal.

(Continued from Page Two)

very strongly urged upon him the claims of Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, M.A., for the chair of Language and Literature in the university. Mr. Roberts' long and successful collegiate training fits him for the place. Of his merits as a literary man I need say nothing, all are familiar with his career in letters, and are as proud of him as I am.

Lotta—otherwise Miss Crabtree—will not play the coming season—and she doesn't have to, for she is worth a million dollars, and within the last few weeks has been investing her surplus cash in apartment houses, for one of which she paid two hundred thousand dollars in cash. She intends to go first to England, then France, Italy, Africa, India, Australia, returning by the way of San Francisco, where she will open the season after next. Miss Lotta, with her pretty face and sprightly ways and chinking coin, will cut an immense swell in foreign parts, and the dukes and counts and my lord and the baron will no doubt all be striving for her acquaintance. The path of the actress may not be free from thorns, but it is evident there are some pretty big bunches of roses within reach.

On Thursday evening it was my good fortune to be one of some forty gentlemen who were invited by Mr. F. H. Torrington to adjourn to the College of Music after the Messiah concert to spend a social hour. On arriving at that institution we found a sumptuous supper laid in the parlors, and no time was lost in making ourselves acquainted with the good things so temptingly displayed. After merely personal wants had been attended to, a "feast of reason and flow of soul" was instituted, and speeches were made by Messrs. Torrington, Toshack, Haslam, Eells, Ambrose, Lucas, Dorey, Field, Forsyth and others, interspersed with songs by Messrs. Warrington and Schuch. Among those present I noticed: Messrs. E. A. Toshack, Capt. Manley, Arthur E. Fisher, T. E. Alkenherst, John Eells, W. E. Haslam, Hy. Burdier, R. Tinning, G. Alexander, Theodore Martens, F. Bucher, Harry Field, W. O. Forsyth, Clarence Lucas, E. W. Schuch, Fred Warrington, L. Correll, H. Jacobsen, J. F. Thomson, F. Naplitano, — Jamieson, J. Bayley, T. C. Jeffers, C. R. Biddy, Arthur Dorey, R. S. Ambrose, A. L. Ebbels.

"The Day Will Come,"

Miss Baddon's latest novel, superbly illustrated by English artists, will begin in SATURDAY NIGHT January 12. This is the Canadian copyright edition and publishers are warned against infringements.

Out of Town.

[NOTE.—A number of communications have been rejected this week, owing to the absence of the correspondent's name, which must always accompany a letter, no matter how well known the writing or the writer may be.—Ed.]

BARRIE.

Mrs. Andros' party was held on Friday evening last, instead of Thursday, as I mentioned in my letter last week. This affair was a grand one, and, as all Mrs. Andros' parties are, was very enjoyable. Dancing was commenced about the usual time and continued until late in the evening. I noticed among the large assemblage Mrs. Spotton, Mr. W. H. B. Spotton, Miss Spotton, Mrs. Dickenson, Mrs. T. R. E. S., and the Misses Barber, Mrs. Samuel Lout, Miss Collier, Miss Hall, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, Miss Stevenson, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. T. R. and the Misses Boys, Mr. E. A. Mitchell, Mr. W. D. B. Spry and Miss Spry, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. A. and Miss Dymont, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. B. and Miss Shrieber, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Mr. E. and Miss Kortright, Mr. Gillett, Capt. Wise, Miss Hewitt, Miss Murphy, Mr. MacGregor, and others. Several of our talented young ladies presided at the piano, and the strains of sweet music wafted through the air. Mrs. Andros is considered a most genial hostess, and did honor to her guests, as did Mr. B. Andros as host. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Hall of Toronto is visiting Mrs. Baker at Sunnyside.

Mr. B. R. Badgley of the Bank of Commerce spent New Year's at Cobourg.

Next week I will do honor to the bachelors of Barrie by reporting upon their ball, which was held Wednesday evening last.

In my last report, where I mention about Barrie ladies and gentlemen visiting in Toronto, this mistake occurs: Mr. Byron, Mrs. R. Nicholson spent Christmas in Toronto. It should read: Mr. and Mrs. Byron, Mr. H. Nicholson spent Christmas in Toronto.

BRANTFORD.

The city has been quite gay this week, though the festivities have been mostly confined to the younger people. Mrs. A. L. Hardy entertained a large party of young people on New Year's eve. Mr. and Mrs. Curran Hardy, who is at home for the holidays.

On New Year's evening Miss Gould gave a "sheet and pillow case" party in honor of her niece and nephew, Miss Marian and Mr. Frank Allan. The guests arrived draped in sheets, their faces covered with small cotton masks and their heads adorned with pillow cases, making it impossible to distinguish anyone. A great many comical mistakes were made, and the young people enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. Henry Yates gave a gentlemen's dinner party on New Year's eve.

Miss Mary Christie was in town last week for a short visit, the guest of her uncle, Mr. J. Y. Morton.

Mr. Sykes of Toronto spent a few days with friends in town.

On New Year's eve Mrs. Herbert Yates entertained a few of her lady friends at a supper party. A delightful evening was spent, and the ladies are most enthusiastic over this novel idea for evening parties. Several speeches were made, and Auld Lang Syne was sung before the company departed.

New Year's day was very quiet, very little calling being done and a great many ladies not receiving. In the evening Mrs. D. Curtis gave a delightful dancing party. Amongst those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, the Misses Haycock, Miss Georgie Ross, the Misses Leonard, Mr. H. Leonard, Miss May Bennett, Miss Kate Wilkes, Miss Bishop, Mr. F. Bishop, Dr. E. Bishop, Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Miss Nita Nelles, Miss Morton, the Misses VanNorman, Miss Allie Wilkes, Mr. H. Whitehead, Mr. Duffy Cortland, Mr. Henry Galt, Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Keith Brown, Mr. Ridout, Messrs. Dr. and Ralph Barville, Mr. H. J. Minty, Mr. Finucane, Messrs. Arthur and Alfred Watts, Mr. N. Killmaster, and Mr. McMahon of Toronto.

MEAFORD.

At the Bachelor's Ball, held in the Roller Rink on Friday evening, December 21, about eighty persons from town and other places were present. It is the opinion of everyone who attended, that this assembly was the

Evening Gowns.



Novelty effects from Parisian modes by The Atramide, King street East. Perfection guaranteed. Estimates, designs and measurement guides sent everywhere on application.

So Worried.

It was the night before the wedding, and he was bidding her good night, and softly whispered:

"To-morrow eve, my darling, we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together; hand in hand will we journey a-down life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope and courage, that neither of us may faint and fall by the wayside before the journey is ended; will we not, darling?"

"I—oh, yes, to be sure; only I really am so worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang one bit nice to day when I tried the dress on, and I'd die with mortification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on with what you were saying, dear!"

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, Jan. 7

MATINEES

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

EDWIN ARDEN

In His New Irish Play

BARRED OUT

PRICES AS USUAL

THE MELNOTTE DRAMATIC CLUB

IN Victoria Hall, Friday, January 11

WILL PRESENT

MADELAINE

The Belle of the Faubourg

The stage will be enlarged for this occasion, the scenery will be of the best, Claxton's Orchestra will supply music, and about thirty ladies and gentlemen will take part. The proceeds will be given to the Hospital for Sick Children. Admission 25c; reserved seats 50c, which can be had from the Secretary, ARTHUR STREET, 181 Mutual Street.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

Cor. Bloor Street and Avenue Road

MUSICAL SERVICE OF PRAISE

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 9

By the Choir of the Church, assisted by

Mlle. Adele Strauss and Mr. Arthur Dorey,

Organist of St. Luke's Church

Solos by Miss Annie Langstaff, Miss Maggie Campbell, Mr. J. H. Dennison and Mr. Schuch

Collection in aid of the Choir Fund. Mr. G. H. Fairclough, organist; Mr. E. W. Schuch, choirmaster.

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IN GREAT VARIETY AT

WHOLESALE PRICES

New Goods just to hand from England in handsome cabinets of

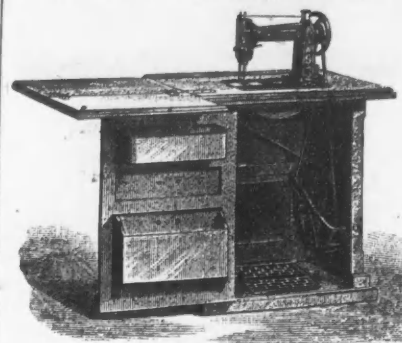
DESSERT KNIVES & FORKS

Figures, Vases, 4 o'clock Tea Sets, Salad Bowls, Biscuiters Sugar and Cream Stands—in the most fashionable china, Marble Clocks, Bronzes, Music Boxes, Etc., at

Lydon's Sheffield Warehouse

32 YORK STREET

ARTICLES SENT FOR APPROVAL ANY DISTANCE.



Is superior to all others in point of Ease, Rapidity, and Precision of Action, Uniformity of Tension and Perfection of Seam, Simplicity and Durability, Elegance of Design, Excellence of Workmanship, Form and Quality of Cabinet Work, and general attractiveness of appearance.

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Xmas or New Year's Gift

BUY A

Wheeler & Wilson

NEW HIGH-ARM

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE



I used Morse's White Lavender Soap two years ago; since then I have used no other.

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

Royal Grenadiers

IN THE

PAVILION MUSIC HALL

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 11, '89

GRAND CONCERT

BY

THE PRINCE OF PIANISTS, MORIZ

ROSENTHAL

THE GREAT YOUNG VIOLINIST, FRITZ

KREISLER

AND

THE LATEST GREATLY SUCCESSFUL NEW YORK

DEBUTANTE, AGNES

THOMSON

CHAS. E. PRATT, Accompanist.

HY. WOLFSOHN, Manager.

Reserved Seats \$1.00

Admission 50c

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

JANUARY 17 and 18

Under the patronage of the Commanding Officer and Officers of the Toronto Garrison

FREDERIC VILLIERS

the famous war correspondent and artist of the London Graphic will deliver two lectures as above, illustrative of his thrilling experiences on many battlefields. Illustrated by Stereopticon Views.

Admission 35 Cents. Reserved Seats 50 Cents

Plan opens at Northcote's Friday Jan. 11, 10 a.m.

LADIES' DRESS SLIPPERS

Bronze, Patent Leather

French Kid and Imperial Kid

In the newest and most pleasing designs. Also

FRENCH SATIN SLIPPERS

In Colors.

All New & Stylish

79 King Street East, Toronto

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NEW, ELEGANT AND POPULAR

American Boots and Shoes

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EVENING SLIPPERS

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1889 St. Andrew's Ward 1889

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

J. E.

VERRAL

As Alderman for 1889.

Election Takes Place Monday, Jan. 7

St. Patrick's Ward.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

MILES VOKES

As Alderman for 1889.

Stovel & Company

LADIES' TAILORS

73 King St. West - Toronto

The Irish Widow.

"O' say, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fw'at is id, Mrs. Magoggin?"

"Do ye know the now racket for Noo Year's?"

"Faix'n O' don't."

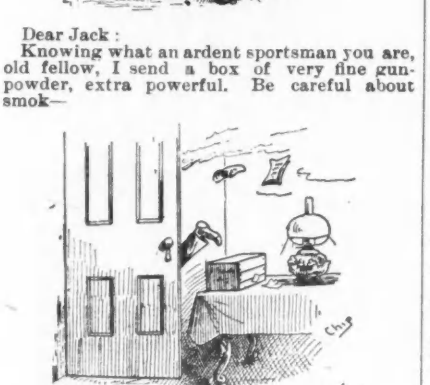
"Thin, fw'hisper, an' O'll tell ye," said the widow. "This mawnin' bright an' airy O' resaved a poshthole card from th' editur av a newspaper axin' me to sind him me pinnygin av ka'pin opint house an Noo Year's Day. O' was niver more supprised in all me loife afore, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' O' sint th' editur wur-rud so, be Tommy, so O' did. Fw'hat diffrence diz id make to annybody fw'ether a lone widdy loike neseel wants to kape her house opint an Noo Year's Day ur no. Sure'id don't make no diffrence wud me daughter, Toozey, O' know, an' aff me own pinnygin has no weight in me own shebang fw'at's the use av peddlin' id around in the columns av the newspapers, fw'ere nobody'll see id that cares a ha'porth fur id. Bad gesht to me luck, but didn' O' express me pinnygin very forcibly to Toozey lasht Noo Year, fw'hin O' up an' towld in front av the McGouns an' thim stutck-up froights the O'Flannerys that O' didn't take no shlock in bringin' the b'ys sivin molles in th' cowlid, many ov thim wid no overcoats an thim, an' givin' thim nothin' but limmynade an' jilly cake to appease their thust an' hunger wid. Fw'hy don't ye have a drap av th' railowid stutck an' th' parlor table fur thim?" sez O'.

"Oh, mawnaw!" sez Toozey. "Intost-ichtin' dhrinka is out av the kuestion," sez she, "bekase they're all out av sh'toyle," sez she. "Is that so?" sez O'. "Yis id is," sez she. "Well, thin, divil th' opin house O'll kape opint an Noo Year's Day," sez O', "fur O'll bring nobody here an' insult thim be offerin' thim limmynade an' oice wather," sez O'. "Thin we had id up an' down, an' Toozey she croied an' pow-wowed until O' towld her O'ld say nayther aye, yes, or no, but she kud do as she pleased in the mawnin'." So Toozey kep' opin house, an' who in th' divil shud blyow in about half past tin o'clock in the mawnin' but big Tim Rafferty, the contractor's son, an' fw'hat diz he do but refuse th' limmynade an' set up th' awfulest kind av a yowl fur egg-nogge. "Sure, an' ye have no egg-nogge, Timmy dear," sez O'. "Then where's yer poor woiner?" sez he. "We haven't poor woiner naither," sez O'. "Thin gimme beer," sez he, callin' out av bravely fur id as aff he war in Micky Maloney's barroom. "Sorra th' tint av beer in the house, Timmy avourneen," sez O'. "Now I wowl—he up wud his fat an' kickt the limmynade an' the taypot an' the pound cake an' the toomblers up agin' the sailing wud wan lift av his foot. "See here, me lad," sez O', "aff that's fw'at ye're up to let me give ye a taste av your own medicine," sez O'. "An' O' riz the poker an' put a cut an' his forrid that he'll niver forget. They carried him away insin-sin-sin an' he shut up the house an' had no more callin' that day. "There's for ye," said O' to Toozey. "O' towld ye fw'at ye'd get, an' aff ye'd only takin' my advice an' had a drap av the hard sh'tuff in th' house me tumbler an' me taypot id be all roight, an' Timmy'd not have the cut in his poll that he's got," sez O'. But sure, an' woman alive, fw'hat gud diz id do fur her to have such a lesson! She's goin' to kape opin house agin nixt Ch'ooce," an'—God help her little sinse—she'll have limmynade an' tay agin. But we'll fix her. Tammy's goin' to pit a shmalpox soign an' the dure, an' O'm goin' to tell payple O'm dead, an' bechuxht th' two av iz O' hope to have moighty few callers at the Magoggin mansion an Noo Year's."

Part of a Letter.

Dear Jack:

Knowing what an ardent sportsman you are, old fellow, I send a box of very fine gun-powder, extra powerful. Be careful about smok—



Learning to be a Wet Nurse.

A well known actress picked up a baby in her travels, and, compassion moving her to adopt the waif, she advertised for a wet nurse. She says:

"I believe every mother deserted her own child and came to apply. 'You'll kill that child if the wet nurse's milk is too old,' said one. 'If that woman's milk is too young, there won't be any nourishment in it, and your baby will fail,' said another. 'How can I tell?' I moaned. 'Why, get a doctor to get a nurse.'"

"I went and enlisted the services of a human lactometer, and the good work went on. The doctor visited an intelligence office for wet nurses and related his experience. He questioned and examined several applicants, and finally came to a pretty German, sitting quietly by."

"How old is your milk?"

"I haven't got any," said the girl.

"How old is your baby?" returned the doctor, thinking that Gretchen did not understand.

"I haven't got any baby," she replied.

"Good Lord! what are you here for?" cried the doctor. "If you haven't had any baby, or got any milk, what are you doing here among the wet nurses?"

"I thought I might learn," said she meekly. "So she has gone away to learn."

The Tale of the Modest Hunter.

He had been telling her of some of his hunting experiences.

"And did you ever really encounter a bear?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, modestly; "but the story is scarcely worth relating. I remember it was a bright frosty night, and I had become separated from my companions. I was walking along briskly, not in the mood for excitement at all, but rather thoughtful and unobservant. I had been walking in the light for some time, but turned for a moment into the shadow, when suddenly my hand brushed against something soft. I started, stopped, and there, so close that I had actually touched him in passing, was a huge bear. He sat motionless, erect on his haunches, his white teeth gleaming, and his fiery eyes gazing straight into my face. I tell you it was close quarters. I do not know just what I did; but I got away without a scratch, and I left a dead bear there."

"O George!" exclaimed the girl, looking into his face with glistening eyes. She said no more; but she thought how noble, how brave, how strong! as she nestled closer to him. George kissed her tenderly.

Forty-five minutes later George was walking

down Broadway; and, as he approached a furrier's shop, he turned into the shadow and stood before the sign of the big bear, to light his cigar. "Old friend," he said, between puffs, "I leave thee dead again," and he passed on.

Wanted to Satisfy Her Conscience.

The counting-room people in newspaper offices run across some remarkable specimens of humanity occasionally. Not long ago a woman came into the counting-room of a certain newspaper and drew a long face at the same moment that she drew a handsome pocketbook from the depths of her dress. "I want an advertisement put in the newspapers," said the woman to one of the clerks at the counter, fumbling the pocketbook.

"Yes; what kind of an advertisement?"

The woman fidgeted a little and fumbled the pocketbook some more.

"I'll tell you how it is," she said. "Six months ago I—I stole this pocketbook in a store. I was a pretty bad woman then, but since that time I've experienced religion an' I want to make my conscience easy, you see. So I want you to put in an advertisement that for ten dollars in cash I'll return this pocketbook."

Not so Light as it Seemed.

Deacon Williams—Brudder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?

Brother Jones—De jedge done give 'im two momfs in de jayul.

Deacon Williams—Pears to me like as if you oughter be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did.

Brother Jones—Twan't s' light 's you seem ter think. Dey's a gwinter hang 'im when de two momfs is up.

Satisfied With the Proof.

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a shop several miles away where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it he walked boldly up and shouted:

"Hello, Sarah!"

At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried: "That's Sarah, every inch!"

Seeing the Sights.

Miss Porcine of Chicago has been showing her guest from the east through her father's enormous establishment.

"How wonderful it all is!" exclaimed the guest.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Porcine. "And now we will go to the slaughtering department—that is, too fascinating. It's just lovely up there!"

Punished Enough.

Maud—What's Mr. Nicefellow's address, Edith?

Edith—No. 25 Blank street. Why?

"The rude fellow kissed me last evening, and I ordered him out of the house, and told him not to dare enter the door again until I sent for him. Are you sure it's No. 25?"

A Likely Nation.

Young Englishman (dining with the family)—You have never been in England, have you, Bobby?

Bobby—No, sir; but I think the English must be nice people.

Young Englishman—And why, Bobby?

Bobby—Because ma says they make such excellent servants.

The Latest Fashion.

"The Blimbers seem to have spared no expense to make their daughter's wedding a fashionable event."

"No, indeed. Why, they had four clergymen to officiate, and hired a furnished country house to perform the ceremony in."

No Lightning.

Mr. Sifton, a subscriber at Chattanooga, relates that a young countryman near that city, desirous of paying his attention to a certain lady and not knowing what to say, broached the subject in the following unique manner:

"Miss Julia, may I fly around you?"

To which the young lady replied quickly:

"Yes, but don't light."

The Easiest to Walk.

Admiring young lady (to actor)—What line of acting do you most prefer to follow, Mr. Pecer?

Actor—A straight line, as much as possible, Miss.

Admiring young lady—A straight line! I don't quite understand, Mr. Pecer.

Actor (who has often counted ties)—It's the shortest distance between two points, you know.

Sin is Punished.

Gibbon—Baw Jove, Tom, I'm boiling with wage-nevah was so insulted in my life! A seedy fellow came up to me in the street asking fav charity, and—would you think it—addressed me as "Sport!"

Bigbee—Serves you right, Howell, for wearing a silk hat with a sack coat.

The directors of Spanish railways may be excellent men of business, but they are not students of human nature, as is shown by the following facts: A few months ago the model of a new railway carriage was put before them, divided into small elegant apartments, each furnished with two seats and a small table, to be reserved for the special use of couples on their wedding tour. Innocent of the well-known fact that newly married couples are always nervously anxious not to appear what they are, the delighted directors ordered some "honey-moon carriages," and for some time past one of them has been attached to every express train, with the result that not a single couple have yet made use of the special accommodation.

Callaway's 29th Excursion Party

LEAVES FOR

British Columbia

THE
Pacific Coast
AND

San Francisco

On Tuesday, January 8, 1889,

A specially conducted party will leave Toronto at 11 p.m. for all points in British Columbia, Puget Sound, the Pacific Coast and San Francisco, via the Canadian Pacific Railway, passing through Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Family Tourist Sleeping Cars through to Vancouver without change.

Baggage checked through to destination.
City Offices—110 King Street West, 24 York Street, 56 Yonge Street

RESIDENCE FOR SALE—ROUGH CAST HOUSE with verandah, and garden of one acre, on the bank of river and close to lake. Telegraph and post office in village. Three miles from station.
A. BRYMER, Port Sydney.

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Special Close Prices for the Next Thirty Days

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Manufacturing Jeweler

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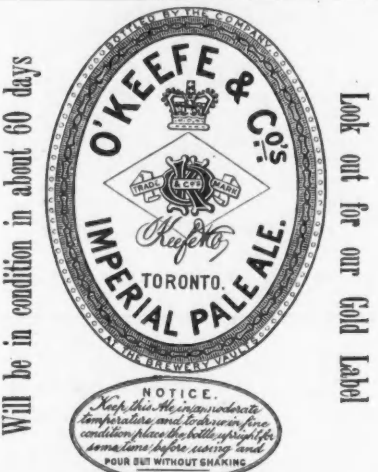
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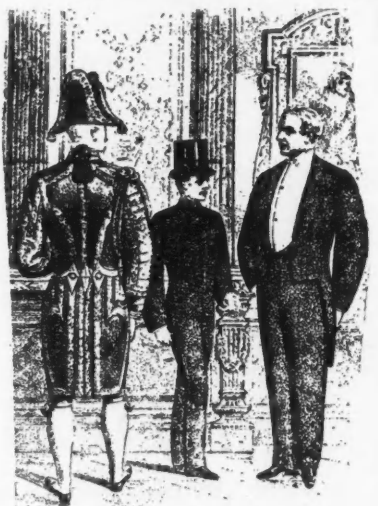
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SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottle. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.



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Jamieson's prices are always right. Correspondence from those living out of the city promptly attended to. Notice our illustrations. Different styles every week.

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THE CLOTHIER
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COLOSSAL
SALE OF CLOTHING

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Men's Overcoats

Boys' Overcoats

NOBBY AND NEAT

Equal in every respect to the finest custom work. Selling during the sale at net wholesale figures. Those in need should certainly call.

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All goods guaranteed first quality
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Goods all set up in residence

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Four large well-lighted flats with elevator

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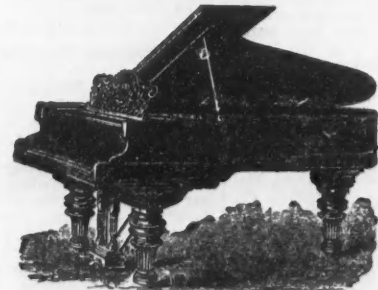
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IN TOUCH
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Touch, Fineness and
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Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

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